

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 946

JANUARY 14, 1888



# THE GRAPHIC.

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



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\*LONDON\*

PRICE NINEPENCE





# THE GRAPHIC

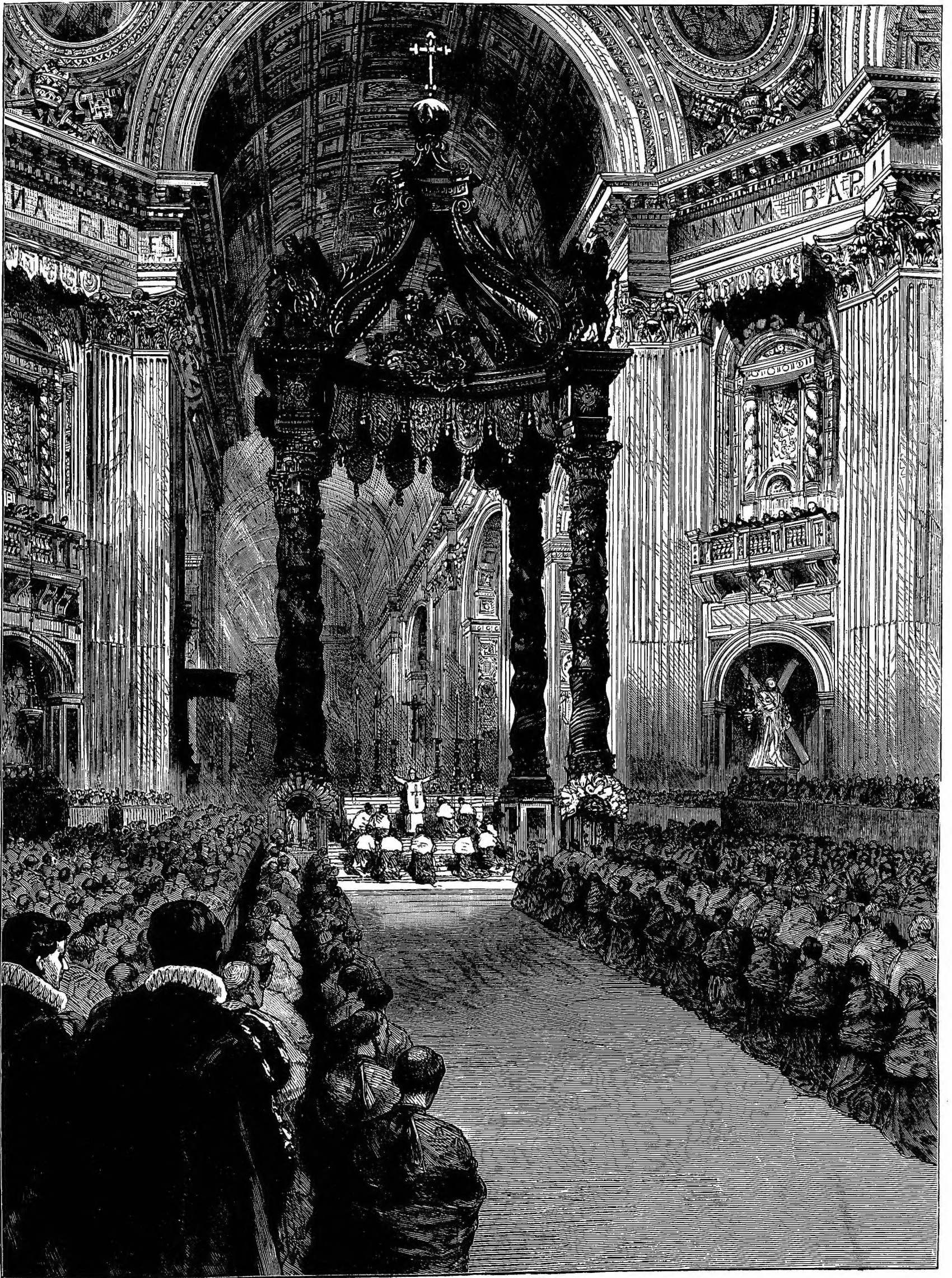
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 946.—VOL. XXXVII.  
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ÉDITION  
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1888

WITH EXTRA  
SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE  
*By Post Ninepence Halfpenny*



CELEBRATION OF THE POPE'S SACERDOTAL JUBILEE AT ROME  
THE POPE PERFORMING MASS IN ST. PETER'S ON NEW YEAR'S DAY



## Topics of the Week

**NEW YEAR'S PROSPECTS IN IRELAND.**—It is dangerous to prophesy, especially about such a country as Ireland, but it is evident that the firmness with which the Crimes Act has been administered is producing a good effect. Not only has the Government policy put into good heart those who sincerely desire to maintain the Imperial connection, but who till recently were almost driven by despair to make the best terms they could with the Separatist party; but even those who outwardly applaud the League are beginning to discover that the "tyranny" of Mr. Balfour is far less grievous than the tyranny of the revolutionary association to which they profess such abject submission, boycotting is no longer such a formidable engine of cruel oppression as it was, rents are being paid more punctually, in short, there are symptoms of greater tranquillity than have been manifest since 1879. This is all the more remarkable because the English Disunionists are doing all they can to rekindle the dying embers of agitation. The explanation of this phenomenon is that the Irish people have great admiration for firmness and consistency, two virtues with which in past days the successive Cabinets which have ruled the country have allowed them to become very slightly acquainted. It has always been a case of whip and sugar-plum; fitful coercion succeeded by equally fitful conciliation. Much has been said during recent months of Mr. Gladstone's severe Coercion Act of 1882, but the most noteworthy point about that measure was that the Government were stirred into sudden action by the Phoenix Park murders. Previous to that, from the time of their accession to power in 1880, they had behaved with the most shameful apathy, a succession of murders remained undiscovered and unpunished, and the Land League was suffered to strike its roots deeply into the soil. To the neglect of those two years may be traced most of the difficulties which have since baffled the attempts of statesmen, both Liberal and Conservative, to restore order and contentment in Ireland. It is to be hoped that now a more sensible system has been inaugurated, and that, while everything possible will be done to assist honest farmers who are struggling against bad seasons and low prices, the supremacy of the law will be upheld. It is just because the Lord Mayor of Dublin and Mr. Blunt are respectable men in the private relations of life that their punishment when they wilfully break the law becomes a valuable deterrent to others.

**BONAPARTISM.**—The removal of the remains of Napoleon III. and his son from Chislehurst to Farnborough attracted comparatively little attention in France. This is one of many indications that what used to be called the Napoleonic legend has almost altogether lost its hold over the French people. The great Napoleon may be remembered with as much pride as ever, but his family has ceased to exert influence on any large or important class. Napoleon III. had a sincere desire to solve wisely some of the social problems of his time; and Englishmen can never forget that, whatever may have been his motives, one of his aims always was to draw closer the bonds that connected his country with theirs. The necessities of his position, however, compelled him to surround himself with troops of greedy adventurers, and, when the hour of trial came, France had to pay a bitter penalty for having allowed herself to be ruled by his corrupt Administration. It is possible that if his son had lived the memory of Sedan and of all that it implied might in some way have been wiped out. The death of the Prince Imperial probably put an end for ever to the chances of the Bonapartists. The cynical Prince Napoleon, with all his cleverness, is wholly incapable of arousing enthusiasm, and Prince Victor has hitherto been known chiefly as a young man of an extremely hard and selfish disposition. It is never quite safe to indulge in prophecies about France; but, so far as appearances go, we may say with some confidence that the revival of the Bonapartist cause is all but impossible. The Imperial idea may not be dead; but, if it ever again becomes important, it will almost certainly be associated with new names and parties.

**MR. PORTAL'S MISSION.**—It stands out very clearly from the account given by Mr. Portal of his abortive mission to Abyssinia, that it very nearly resulted in a *casus belli* between that country and England. From first to last, Ras Aloula, the Negus's generalissimo, did all in his power to delay and thwart the mission. It may be that this truculent warrior wished to prevent the king from hearing the reasoning of the British envoy in favour of peace. Ras Aloula is said to have quite a Napoleonic belief in his own "star," and this he feels assured will lead him to the capture of Massowah if allowed fair play. To him, therefore, Mr. Portal wore the character of a dismal spoil-sport, whose coming could not possibly do any good, and who might easily work a deal of mischief unless skilfully prevented. Imbued with this conviction, Ras Aloula first imprisoned the mission; next, when ordered to start them off at once to the Royal camp, he insisted on their marching by a roundabout route; after their reception, he set the Negus against them by getting up a false report that the Italians had advanced; finally, he treacherously tried to have them murdered on their homeward journey. In the

long run, however, British pertinacity, coolness, and tact triumphed, and Mr. Portal got back, *plus* a very magnificent Court dress—including a lion's mane studded with gold and silver bosses—presented to him by King John. That potentate appears to have behaved quite like a gentleman throughout, which is more than can be said for his Commander-in-Chief. Both, however, were bent on fighting out the quarrel with Italy to the bitter end, and a very bitter one it may prove to them in the long run. England can now stand aside with a clear conscience. She has done all in her power to arrange the feud, although none of her making, and even risked the life of a valuable public servant in that endeavour.

**LIMITED LIABILITY.**—The modern tendency to associate for commercial purposes has no doubt been greatly stimulated by the Act of 1862 and its successive amendments. Not only is there a great increase in those kinds of speculative enterprise which were always deemed the proper field for public companies even in the old unlimited days, but numbers of private concerns have been converted into these joint-stock fellowships. It is even now difficult, after five-and-twenty years' experience, to say whether the abandonment of the ancient maxim that a partner was liable to his uttermost farthing for the debts of his firm has proved a success or the reverse. The change was perhaps inevitable, with the abundance of small capitalists seeking investment for their savings, and no doubt it has enormously stimulated enterprise. But enterprise does not always mean legitimate business—it very often means swindling, or something very much like it. Public morality about companies resembles that about umbrellas. A man will purloin an umbrella who would be shocked at the very idea of taking a purse. Similarly, half-a-dozen men, individually respectable enough, will lay their heads together to plunder the public by means of a plausible prospectus promising far more than they know in their hearts the plan will ever perform. All companies that fail are not swindles, but a great many of them, consciously or unconsciously, belong to that description. If their ventures were as good as they profess to be, how is it that they are not at once snapped up by such capitalists as the Rothschilds, who are always on the look-out for small profits? The answer is that in almost all cases where shares are offered to the outside public the risk is considerable, even when the promoters are perfectly honourable men. We hope, therefore, if Parliament finds time to overhaul the whole subject of Limited Liability this session, that it will disregard the cold-blooded maxim, *Caveat emptor*, and do its utmost to protect the public from sharks and schemers, chiefly by insisting on a substantial cash deposit in Government hands before any prospectus is allowed to be publicly issued.

**CROFTERS' GRIEVANCES.**—It is impossible, of course, for law-abiding people to approve of the violent outbreak of which some crofters of the Island of Lewis have been guilty. The farmer whose land they invaded had not, personally, done them any wrong; and in fighting with the officers of the law they simply acted under the influence of blind passion. At the same time it is only fair to remember that the circumstances of these poor crofters render them almost desperate. It is sometimes said that they are no worse off than the wretched inhabitants of London slums, but the two cases are not quite parallel. The destitute classes of London have no tradition of a happier age, whereas the peasantry of the Scottish Highlands and Islands never forget that their forefathers had rights and privileges which were taken from them without even a shadow of compensation. Their misery, therefore, is intensified by a sense of injustice, and by the contrast between their own unhappiness and the supposed prosperity of their ancestors. Something has already been done for the crofters by legislation, but their grievances have not yet been probed to the root. The Government would do excellent service not only to them but to the country, if, while resolutely suppressing disorder, it examined anew, and in a sympathetic spirit, the claims of these poor people, and tried as far as possible to meet them. It would be well, too, if some wealthy landowners would follow the good example of Mrs. Gordon Baillie, a most interesting interview with whom was reported the other day in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. This lady has just returned from the Australian colonies, where she has been travelling with a view to "ascertaining the possibility of establishing Scotch village fishing settlements on the coast of one or other of the colonies." Her tour promises to have admirable results, for there is no reason to doubt that many crofter families, if approached in the right way, would be quite willing to seek elsewhere the advantages which it is so hard for them to secure at home.

**THE BOULOGNE MYSTERY.**—The death of Mr. McNeill remains as much of an enigma as ever. Three several questions confront the inquirer at the very threshold. Was he murdered? If so, by whom, and for what purpose? The first of these queries appears pretty well determined by the *post mortem* examination; at all events, sufficiently so to permit the assumption that the deceased owed his death to violence not intentionally inflicted by his own hand. It is, however, just possible that the injuries to his head and face were caused by a fall from the quay, and that he was drowned during the insensibility which supervened.

Accepting, however, the general theory that he was killed, who was the perpetrator of the crime, and what was the motive? Here, at once, the inquirer is plunged into an ocean of conjecture. There is absolutely no evidence whatever to lay the crime to the charge of any particular person, although one has been arrested. Certain individuals, of more or less dubious appearance, were seen in his company shortly before the surmised time of his death, but there the chain of incriminating testimony ends. Next, as regards motive for the murder. Mr. McNeill had some 5½ Bank of England notes in his possession, and he is said to have shown these somewhat incautiously. But the bank-notes forwarded by some anonymous person to the Commissaire Central de Police at Boulogne make up for the whole amount, after deducting necessary expenditure. Here a fresh mystery presents itself. Why did Mr. McNeill exchange several smaller notes for a larger denomination? Again, why was restitution made after so many days had passed, or why made at all, for the matter of that? But the most insoluble problem of all is, unquestionably, why Mr. McNeill went on shore after placing his baggage in safety on the steamer. If that could only be discovered, the detectives would have something to build upon, at all events.

**FLOODS IN CHINA.**—Probably no one knows, not even the Emperor himself and his chief counsellors, what is the exact population of China. But it is undoubtedly very large; and this fact, added to the scanty knowledge of the Chinese people which the Western world possesses, causes Europeans to receive with singular apathy news of astounding calamities which from time to time befall the Celestial Empire. On Wednesday full details reached this country of a disaster concerning which only meagre and dubious reports had hitherto come to hand. During the autumn that mighty stream, the Hoang Ho, or Yellow River, had burst its banks, and devastated a vast extent of densely-peopled country. Certainly, between one and two millions of people have perished—one account says seven millions—and doubtless many more victims will die from famine or disease. Yet, frightful as this calamity is, it does not shock us as we should be shocked by an earthquake in Italy or a bad railway accident in America. Londoners, indeed, would be far more impressed by a collision on one of the metropolitan lines involving serious loss of life. As China is now waking up from her long sleep, we recommend her statesmen to follow the example of Prince Chun, who has lately invited an English doctor to prescribe for him. They should summon a first-class English engineer to report on the Hoang Ho. That the native precautions are insufficient is proved by the fact that these inundations are of periodical occurrence. The cause of the mischief is that the bed of the river silts up from the mud deposited there by the swiftness of the stream, so that the water, gradually rising higher and higher, at length overtops the most carefully constructed embankment. The practical remedy seems to be diligent and constant dredging.

**FRENCH AND GERMAN TEACHERS.**—This week the National Society of French Professors in England has held its seventh Congress, and German teachers in England had also a very successful meeting lately. These assemblies do good service, and deserve all the encouragement they receive from men of high position, not only in the educational, but in the political and literary world. Not so very long ago the class of men who acted as French and German masters in English schools were not, as a rule, well fitted for their work. Few of them were trained schoolmasters, and the majority took to teaching simply because they could find nothing else to do. The consequence was that they were held in slight esteem by their pupils, and many a time they were victims of those outrageous practical jokes the humour of which is obvious only to boys. Within the last few years a remarkable change has taken place. Englishmen generally have suddenly become aware that their children ought not only to go through the form of attending classes for instruction in French and German, but should really learn these languages, so as to be able to read with appreciation French and German books. There has been a demand, therefore, for good teachers, and the supply has to some extent corresponded to the demand. The men who now devote themselves to this calling feel that they are members of an important profession; and the fact that they are banding themselves together for the promotion of their common interests cannot but tend to the further improvement of their position. A knowledge of modern languages has become so essential in commerce that there is no fear of the subject being altogether neglected in our schools. There is, however, a danger that the value of French and German as instruments of intellectual training may be overlooked or underrated. This danger can be effectually met only if instruction in modern languages is given by highly cultivated teachers who know how to win the respect and regard of their scholars.

**CONVERSION OF CONSOLS.**—Whether so intended by Mr. Goschen or not, the issue of Local Loans Stock has perceptibly brought within very measurable distance the long-talked-of conversion of Consols. Why was the new stock so eagerly bid for by insurance offices and bankers? Not on account of a high rate of interest: at the price to which it has been run up, it pays a fraction less than the



"sweet simplicity" security does. The sole reason for this rush to "get a bit" was the certainty that, for a quarter of a century, the stock would possess a character of immutability. During that period, at all events, it is safe from manipulation; whereas Consols, either in whole or in part, can be operated upon. Here, then, is the key of the problem that has so long baffled Chancellors of the Exchequer. Make a covenant with the investing public that a State security shall remain irredeemable, and paying the same rate of interest, for a given term of years, and it at once acquires additional value for trust, insurance, and banking purposes. With the Two-and-a-Half per Cents rapidly mounting up towards par, and with the Indian Three per Cents not far behind, there is nothing that keeps Consols down to the present price except this element of instability. Had they, say, thirty years to run before there was any possibility of their redemption, they would certainly head the Local Loans Stock considerably in the quotations. Mr. Goschen has, therefore, the broad lines of conversion marked out plainly for him by the turn of events; and, should money, for investment remain as abundant as at present, he will be pretty sure to attempt to signalise his administration of the Exchequer by saving a million or two of interest on the National Debt. This would inflict suffering on the few for the benefit of the many; and therefore, in deference to the "greatest happiness of the greatest number" doctrine, all good citizens are bound to wish success to the endeavour.

**CLERKS' SALARIES.**—On Monday last a clerk, in the employment of a large City house, was convicted on a charge of forging bills, and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. He had gradually risen to a highly confidential position, having been thirty-four years in the service of the firm in question, whose employment he had entered at the age of fifteen. At the time of his arrest he was in receipt of a salary of 360*l.* a year, which, the judge observed, could not be called too large for the functions he had to perform. In mitigation of punishment the prisoner pleaded that he had nine children and an invalid wife. By his dishonesty the firm lost upwards of 16,000*l.* This is a very sad case, but we venture to think that it carries a moral with it for principals as well as for servants. Employers should pay more attention than they often do to the question whether the respective members of their staff are able to live in reasonable comfort on the stipends they receive. Social position, of course, forms an important factor in such an inquiry. What may be ample remuneration for a working man may be a slender allowance for one who is burdened by the various social obligations which are imposed on those who are expected to live like "gentlefolks." Then individual circumstances should be taken into account. It may be very inconsiderate on the part of a clerk to become the father of nine children, but, provided that he is a capable and useful servant, his employers will do well to note the fact, and ease his burden by an increase of pay. It is cheaper than running the risk of some heavy defalcation. As we have no information on the subject, we do not say that, in the case above referred to, poverty was the real incentive to robbery; but we do say that persons who are being constantly entrusted with the care of other people's money should be paid such salaries as ought reasonably to prevent them from being tempted by sheer necessity to plunder their employers.

**PERILS OF THE LONDON STREETS.**—A writer, signing himself "R.," complained bitterly in the *Times* the other day about "The scandalously reckless manner in which tradesmen's carts and hansom cabs are now driven." After an absence of nearly twenty years he became once more, a few months ago, a resident in London; and no change struck him as more remarkable than "the great increase in the speed at which cabs and other vehicles were allowed to pass along the streets even where these were most crowded." Those who have lived constantly in London are not, he thinks, aware of that which is at once obvious to one who returns to it after a long absence. Clearly, however, the impression of a person who comes back to London depends mainly upon the conditions of his life in the interval. If "R." has spent the last twenty years in India or Australia, or in some small country town in England, it may be he, and not the permanent resident, who has a mistaken notion as to the dangers arising in the London streets from "reckless driving." Our own belief is that London drivers are not more reckless to-day than they used to be; and we doubt whether twenty years ago as many precautions were taken to secure the safety of pedestrians as are taken at the present time. There were certainly not so many "refuges" at the great junctions then as there are now, nor did the police take nearly so much pains to control the traffic. In these days a good word is not very often said for the police, but they deserve the greatest credit for the skill and presence of mind they constantly manifest in clearing the way in crowded thoroughfares. Many a timid and nervous woman, too, has reason to be grateful to them for the help they are always ready to give any one who has difficulty in effecting a crossing. Pedestrians at Charing Cross or Ludgate Circus cannot, of course, walk along as if they were strolling in a meadow; but with moderate care they may generally be as safe there as in the streets of any great city in the world.

**THE WOMEN'S JUBILEE OFFERING.**—The draft scheme sketched by the Duke of Westminster and his two colleagues for the disposal of the handsome surplus of the Women's Jubilee Offering has received the approval of the Queen, and, quite as warmly, of all of her subjects. It is an excellent idea to establish a national institution to train and maintain skilled nurses to attend on the sick poor in the own homes. There are, it is true, many admirable organisations which essay to work in this very wide field. But their efforts do not proceed on a common plan, nor are they backed by sufficient capital. In this latter respect, indeed, the contemplated national institution appears somewhat lacking. The surplus of the feminine tribute amounts to about 70,000*l.* That looks a large sum, but in these times it will only yield an endowment of something less than 2,000*l.* a year—a very moderate income for an organisation with three centres at London, Dublin, and Edinburgh respectively, and with branches established at many other great cities. The nurses, be it remembered, will not earn anything worth speaking of, their services being reserved for the sick poor who cannot afford to pay high fees, or any fees at all in many cases. But when once the new institution is started, public generosity may be depended upon to see that its humane endeavours are not circumscribed by lack of funds. A correspondent suggests that the gift should be partly applied to the extension of the Cottage Hospital system for the benefit of groups of villages at a distance from infirmaries and dispensaries. These little hospitals would form centres from which the new nurses of the poor could work, and head-quarters at the same time. We purposely use the word "gift," as the offering was purely personal, and the Queen might have spent it in any way she pleased. Instead of doing that, she has devoted the surplus to the poor and suffering members of the sex from whom it proceeded, a gracious and kindly act which should win the approval of even the sternest of our Republicans.

**TO LITERARY CONTRIBUTORS.**—*In order to save trouble and disappointment the Editor begs to state that he has already on hand an ample supply of both LONG and SHORT STORIES for a considerable time to come.*



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190, STRAND, LONDON.

**NOTICE.**—With this Number is issued an EXTRA COLOURED SUPPLEMENT, entitled "ENGLISH OFFICERS ABROAD—FOX-HUNTING IN EGYPT."



## THE POPE'S JUBILEE MASS IN ST. PETER'S

ON New Year's Day, for the first time since King Victor Emmanuel's troops entered Rome in 1870, a Mass was celebrated by a Pope in St. Peter's. In that year Pius IX. held his last service in the great Roman Basilica, and retired into the Vatican for the remainder of his days. On Sunday Leo XIII. said his first Mass there in honour of the fiftieth anniversary of his entry into the priesthood. The enormous building was richly decorated, and was crowded literally to suffocation, some 30,000 persons having obtained admittance. Eight tribunals had been erected for the Cardinals, Diplomatic Corps, and other distinguished personages, and the scene has been described as eminently brilliant, the varied and variegated uniforms of the Papal dignitaries and attendants, and the robes of the numerous ecclesiastical magnates, furnishing a perfect blaze of colour, tempered by the sombre hues of the ladies' dresses, which were all of black. The Pope left the Vatican at nine o'clock, and, after a short prayer in the Chapel of the Sacrament, was carried in a silver chair to the well-known Chapel of the Pietà, where he was robed, and took his seat in his gestatorial chair. As the Pope, borne upon the shoulders of the Sediari, and surrounded by his cardinals and the officers of the Noble and Swiss Guards, appeared in the open church, the silver trumpets burst forth with the strains of *Tu es Petrus*, and the congregation raised enthusiastic cheers. On arriving at the High Altar, over the Confessional and Tomb of St. Peter, the Pope descended, and mounting the steps celebrated Low Mass, the vessels used being the gift of Queen Victoria. At the close of the Mass, His Holiness sang the first words of the *Te Deum*, which was taken up by the choir and the spectators; and then the Pope in full pontificals, and wearing the tiara presented by the Emperor of Germany, was carried in the gestatorial chair to the front of the Altar, whence he pronounced the blessing *Urbi et orbi*, amid a reverential and breathless silence. The procession being reformed, the Pope was borne back to the Vatican, the farewell greetings of the congregation being even more enthusiastic than those which had hailed his entry into the Cathedral.—Our illustration is from a sketch taken on the spot.

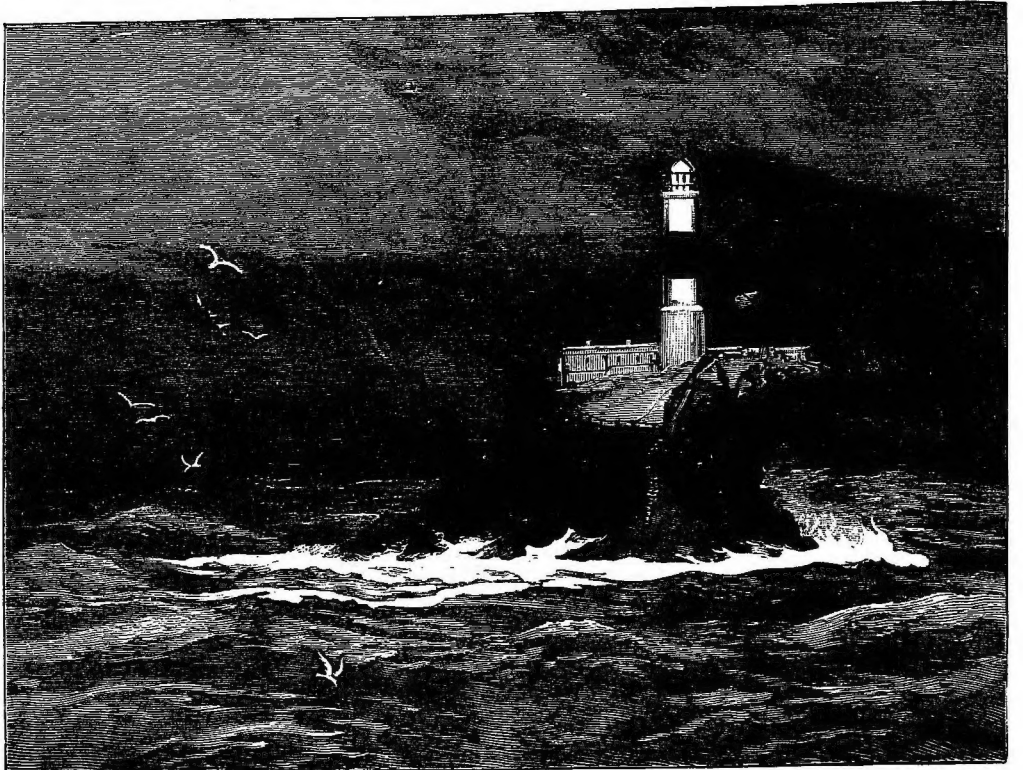
## THE RING THEATRE MEMORIAL CHAPEL AND BUILDINGS, VIENNA

THE terrible catastrophe of Dec. 8th, 1831, when the Ring Theatre was burned down with a loss of some four hundred lives, has been commemorated by Emperor Francis Joseph by the erection of a memorial chapel and dwelling houses on the site—the rental of the latter to be devoted to the relief of distress. Herr Friedrich Schmidt, a distinguished Vienna architect, who designed the handsome new Vienna Rathhaus, was entrusted with the task, his orders being that the design should be in the Gothic style, and irrespective of cost. The Emperor having approved the final designs the foundation stone was laid in 1832, and the buildings completed and inaugurated in 1836, the Emperor marking his satisfaction by raising Herr Schmidt to the rank of a Baron. The *façade* of the building is exceedingly striking. The ground and mezzanine floors are occupied by suites of apartments. On the first floor is the chapel, in the centre, flanked by further sets of rooms. The entrance door of the chapel is of iron studded with ornamental blacksmith's work. The interior, which is about 39 by 33 feet, is handsomely decorated with frescoes and medallion portraits of saints, the altar is of white marble, the floor is laid with variegated marbles, there is a large coloured oriel window, and the whole effect is essentially chaste and

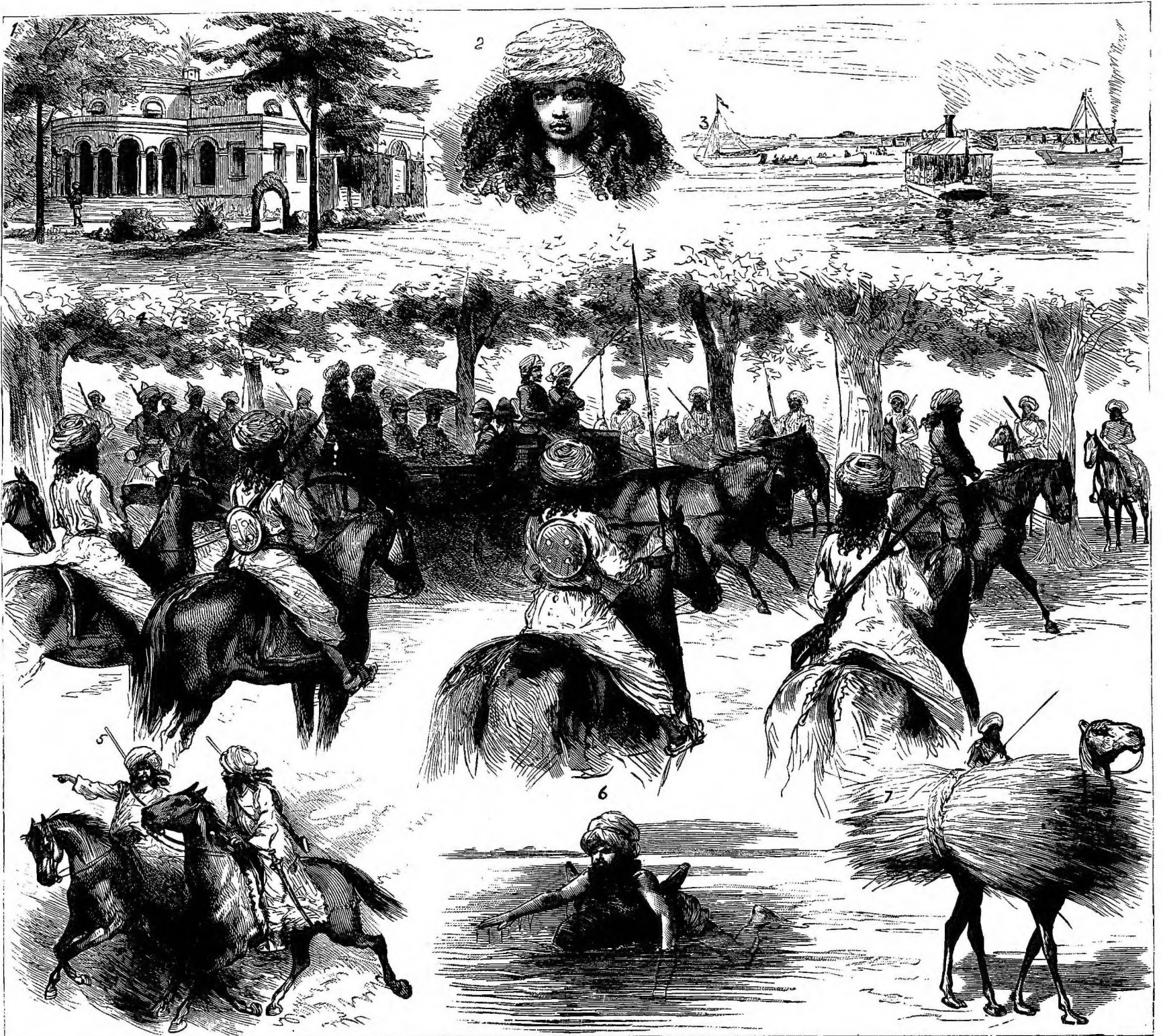




MEMORIAL CHAPEL AND HOUSE ERECTED BY THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA ON THE SITE OF THE RING THEATRE, VIENNA  
To Commemorate its Destruction by Fire in 1881



THE FASTNET LIGHT-HOUSE, OFF THE SOUTH-WEST COAST OF IRELAND  
The Rocks on which this Lighthouse is built have been undermined by the Sea, and the Lightkeepers were considered to be in peril



1. The Viceroy's Residence
2. A Biluchi Lady Killer with Love Locks
3. Departure of the Viceroy : "Bon Voyage"

4. Arrival of the Viceroy : The Cortège Passing Through a Double Line of Biluchis

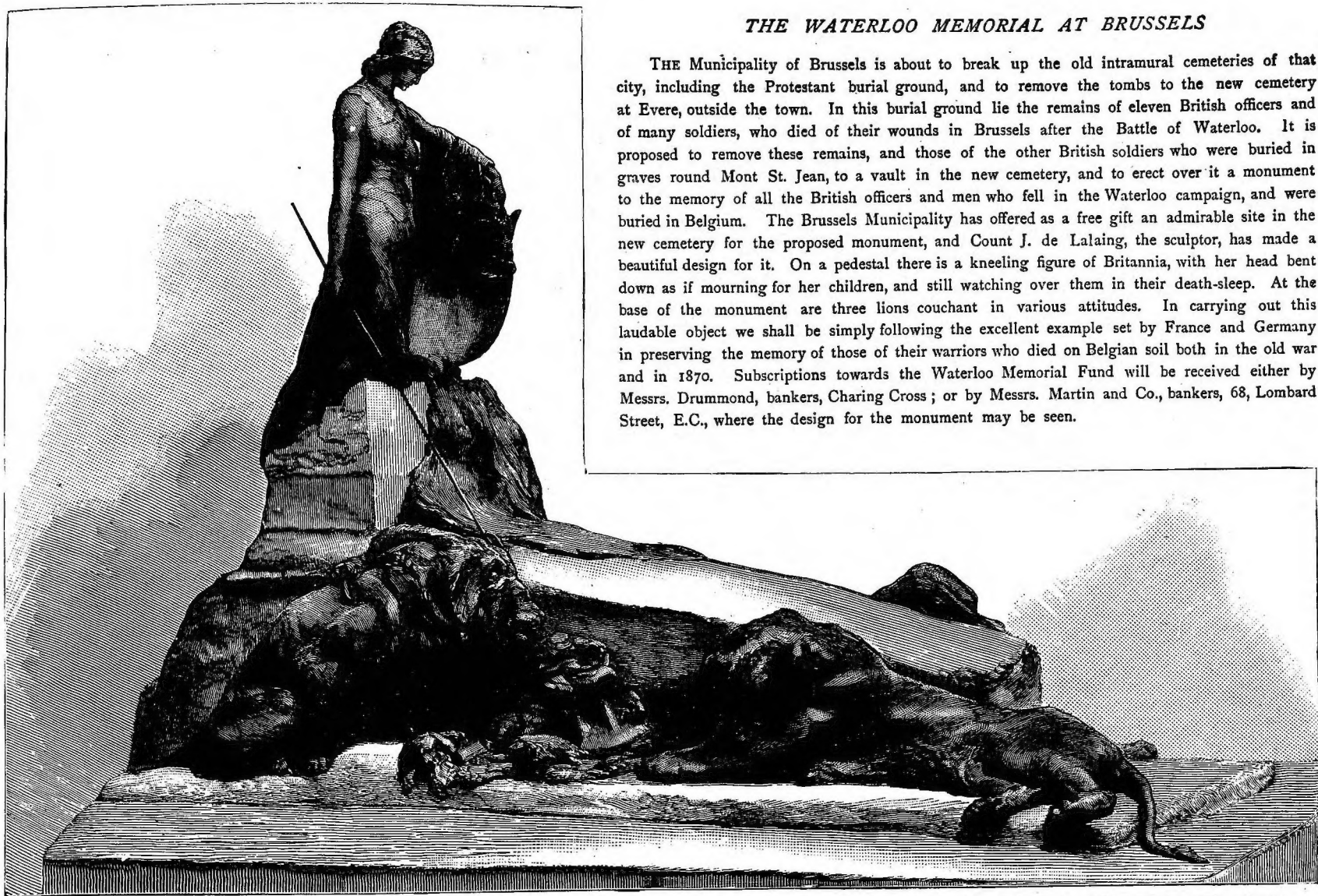
5. Biluchis Approaching the Town
6. Milkman Crossing the Indus
7. Fodder Coming In

VISIT OF THE EARL OF DUFFERIN, VICEROY OF INDIA, TO DERA GHAZI KHAN, PUNJAB

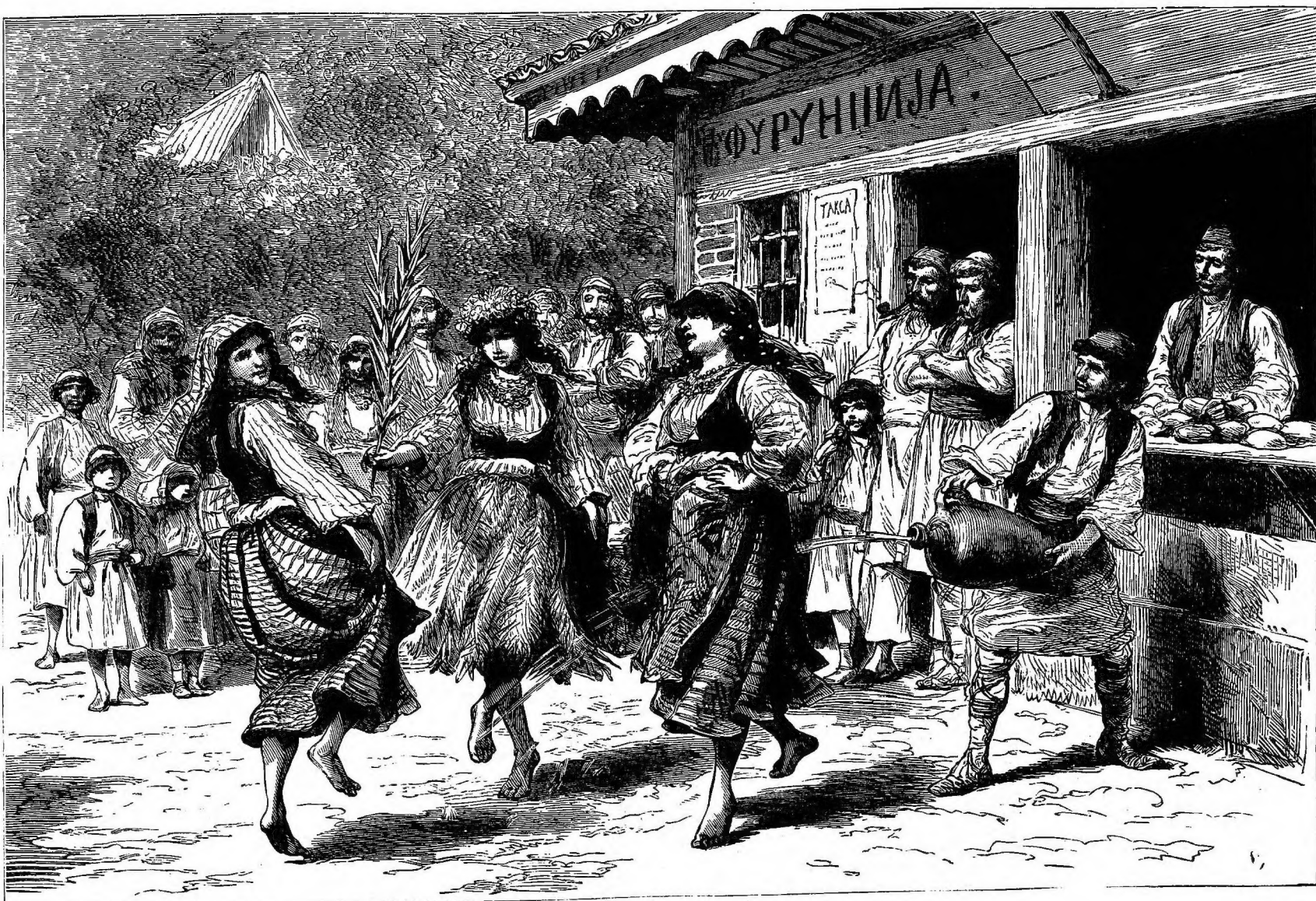


### THE WATERLOO MEMORIAL AT BRUSSELS

THE Municipality of Brussels is about to break up the old intramural cemeteries of that city, including the Protestant burial ground, and to remove the tombs to the new cemetery at Evere, outside the town. In this burial ground lie the remains of eleven British officers and of many soldiers, who died of their wounds in Brussels after the Battle of Waterloo. It is proposed to remove these remains, and those of the other British soldiers who were buried in graves round Mont St. Jean, to a vault in the new cemetery, and to erect over it a monument to the memory of all the British officers and men who fell in the Waterloo campaign, and were buried in Belgium. The Brussels Municipality has offered as a free gift an admirable site in the new cemetery for the proposed monument, and Count J. de Lalaing, the sculptor, has made a beautiful design for it. On a pedestal there is a kneeling figure of Britannia, with her head bent down as if mourning for her children, and still watching over them in their death-sleep. At the base of the monument are three lions couchant in various attitudes. In carrying out this laudable object we shall be simply following the excellent example set by France and Germany in preserving the memory of those of their warriors who died on Belgian soil both in the old war and in 1870. Subscriptions towards the Waterloo Memorial Fund will be received either by Messrs. Drummond, bankers, Charing Cross; or by Messrs. Martin and Co., bankers, 68, Lombard Street, E.C., where the design for the monument may be seen.



DESIGN FOR THE MEMORIAL TO BE ERECTED IN THE NEW CEMETERY, BRUSSELS, TO THE BRITISH OFFICERS AND MEN WHO FELL DURING THE WATERLOO CAMPAIGN



PEASANTS DANCING FOR RAIN, BULGARIA



harmonious. There are sixteen suites of apartments in the building—the rentals varying from 112*l.* to 240*l.*, the total cost of the structure, which was borne entirely by the Emperor, being 64,000*l.* Excepting on the anniversary of the disaster, the Chapel is closed, and visitors are only admitted by permission, but once every year a Requiem Mass is celebrated within its walls. This took place on the 9th ult., when the service was impressively rendered by the choir of the Imperial Hofburg Chapel. "In this, the ordinary gorgeous robes of the priests," writes Mr. J. Russell Endean, who has kindly forwarded us the photograph, from which our engraving is taken, "gave place to funeral garb. A little inside the doorway, a black pall, having a large cross and other emblems embroidered upon it in white, lay on the marble floor, having its centre raised about six inches, whereon a tall crucifix was placed, having a lighted candle on each side of it, as though a coffin were underneath. After elevating the Host and the chalice at the altar, the chief priest was presented with a long lighted candle, and, followed by four other priests, he walked to the stool in front of the pall and sprinkled the pall with holy water. After incensing it he returned to the altar and pronounced the blessing."

#### FASTNET ROCK LIGHT-HOUSE

THIS light-house is situated in the Atlantic, nine miles from the Irish coast, Crookhaven being the nearest town. During the stormy weather which swept over Ireland at the beginning of the New Year, a portion of the rock on which the light-house is built fell down, and fears were entertained for the safety of the keepers, as the rock is only of small dimensions, and is kept together by cement and iron bolts to prevent the sea from undermining it. Only in the calmest weather can the rock be approached, and even then the men and their provisions are landed on the rock from the tender by means of a rope attached to a derrick, for the swell of the ocean around the rock is so great, that it is impossible for any boat to land. Communication has since been effected with the Fastnet light-keepers, who were in good health. The light-house also was uninjured by the falling away of a portion of the rock.—Our engraving is from a drawing by one of the light-house men, reproduced and sent to us by Mr. W. P. Granville, of Fairholt Road, Stoke Newington, N.

#### VISIT OF THE EARL OF DUFFERIN TO DERA GHAZI KHAN

AT the close of last year Lord and Lady Dufferin made an important tour through the frontier stations of North-Western India, and on their way to Peshawar stopped, on November 22, at Dera Ghazi Khan, a town of some importance in the Punjab, situated on the Indus.

1. During his visit the Viceroy and Lady Dufferin stayed at the house of the Deputy-Commissioner, the best in the Station, and said to be the best of its kind along the whole frontier. It is prettily situated, surrounded by green lawns, and shut in by handsome trees of many different kinds.
2. The Biluchis pride themselves on the length of their love-locks, and the longer and the finer they can get them to grow the more conceited they are. To cut off their love-locks is the deadliest insult that can be inflicted to them. It is said that a gaoler who ordered a Biluchi's locks to be clipped in gaol was brained by the man with a hammer which happened to be lying near.
3. This sketch shows the Indus Ferry steamer *Bias* as she is turning on her down-stream course to the quay on the East bank where the train is awaiting her. His Excellency the Viceroy left with all good wishes from the inhabitants, and regret that he could not make a longer stay in Dera Ghazi Khan.
4. The *cortège* had to pass through a double line of Biluchis, all mounted on their famous mares. The line was about a mile long, and there were said to be 3,500 Biluch riders present. It is said that the Viceroy was much impressed by the sight of these men, all clad in their white robes, and armed with ancient but picturesque weapons.
5. Many of the Biluchis who came in had not been to Dera Ghazi Khan for a very long time, consequently these men were in a considerable state of excitement by the time they arrived.
6. The buffaloes are kept on an island in the middle of the Indus. Here they roam at their pleasure, and browse on the coarse grass which grows thickly on parts of the island. The milkmen come over every evening with the milk in earthen jars, tied up with a waterproof cloth. The men lie on inflated skins, and have the jars of milk lashed in front of them. They can generally count on effecting a landing half-a-mile lower than they started, except when the river is high or in flood.
7. It is a strange sight to see a sort of hayrick coming along the road with only the nose and legs of the animal carrying it visible. Camels with their long thin legs look exceedingly curious.—Our illustrations are from sketches by Mr. F. Field, U.C.S., Punjab.

#### THE WATERLOO MEMORIAL AT BRUSSELS

See page 29

#### DANCING FOR RAIN IN BULGARIA

THIS curious custom still prevails in many parts of the Balkan Peninsula, but especially in Serbia and Bulgaria. During times of great drought the peasant girls assemble, and deck themselves with flowers and the branches of trees. One girl represents the Slav God Dodol, and is almost completely covered with greenery, while she holds a branch in her hand. Attired thus the girls go from house to house, dancing together, and singing a song of appeal to the god Dodol to bring rain to the thirsty land. The master of the house gives the girls a small present, and some of the bystanders throw water from a pitcher about the feet of the girls. In Turkey the same custom prevails, but the dancers in that country are usually gipsies. Dodol is a god of the air, who is supposed to drive through the clouds in a chariot with white horses. "Dancing for Rain" would, then, appear to be a most interesting survival of Pagan customs in a country which professes to be Christian.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Professor Titelbach, Belgrade, Serbia.

#### CELEBRATING HER MAJESTY'S JUBILEE IN HONG-KONG

THE fêtes in honour of Her Majesty's Jubilee year were held in Hong-Kong on November 9, and to judge from all accounts must have been of an essentially picturesque and gorgeous character. Great preparations had been made by the British and Chinese communities to worthily celebrate the occasion, and large sums had been spent in making ready appropriate decorations and illuminations. Early in the day a short procession bearing banners, escorted a Chinese deputation to Government House where an address was presented on behalf of the Chinese residents to the Governor, Sir William Des Vœux. The address recited how in less than fifty years Hongkong had grown from a barren rock to be the third or fourth port of the whole world, which gives shelter and employment to 200,000 Chinese inhabitants from all parts of China. The document was about ten feet long by four feet wide, faced with white and backed with yellow satin, and ornamented with beautifully worked and flowers. The Governor next received the Europeans of all classes, and a "Jubilee Committee" duly presented the inevitable address. Then came a procession of enormous length and extraordinary brilliancy organised by the Chinese, which traversed the city, being of such an extent

that it took three hours to pass a given spot. It was composed of more than 4,000 persons. In addition to innumerable banners, umbrellas, historical, theatrical, and mythological persons and scenes and some sixty bands, there were two magnificent dragons, the size and length of which may be gathered from the fact that they required 180 bearers each, and their costliness may be imagined when we add that each bearer's silk and embroidered costumes cost 6*l.* The total expense of the pageant amounted to nearly 16,000*l.* The costly embroidered banners, which bore suitable Jubilee inscriptions, were to be presented to Her Majesty. At night there was another procession through the principal streets, also including two illuminated dragons, while the city and the ships in the harbour were universally and magnificently illuminated with Jubilee devices and transparencies, one of the most novel features being a monster lantern, eleven feet high, hanging before the entrance of the Hong-kong and Shanghai Bank. On the lantern was a device of the Royal Standard and Union Jack, surmounted by the Crown with the figures 1837 and 1887 beneath. Our sketches are by Mr. C. W. Cole, Paymaster R.N.

#### THE REMOVAL OF THE REMAINS OF NAPOLEON III. AND THE PRINCE IMPERIAL TO FARNBOROUGH

ON Monday the remains of Napoleon III. and his son were conveyed with much solemn ceremony from their temporary resting-place in St. Mary's, Chislehurst, to the magnificent mausoleum which has been built for them by the Empress Eugénie at Farnborough, Hants. The little chapel was early filled with a devout congregation, and shortly before eleven a detachment of Royal Artillerymen with two gun-carriages arrived from Woolwich, under the command of Lieutenant Wing. The coffins, which had been temporarily placed in the Sacristy, and were covered with the tricolour and wreaths of violets, were then borne to the gun-carriages amid the strains of the "Dead March." Monsignor Goddard, who has had the charge of the bodies of the Emperor and his son since their death, then read a short service, and the procession, followed by the Marquis of Bassano and M. Pietri as representing the Empress, and a number of bareheaded mourners, slowly proceeded to the railway station. There a special train was in readiness, and the coffins were placed in a van, which had been transformed into a mortuary chapel. It was lined with black, studded with silver stars, and carpeted with violet; lighted candles in silver sconces glimmered on the sides, and at the end was a large ivory crucifix. Monsignor Goddard travelled alone with the dead. At Farnborough, which was reached about one o'clock, a second artillery bearing party was in waiting, under the command of Colonel Biggs, the bodies being again placed upon gun carriages. The *cortège*, which was now increased by members of the Imperial Household, and by Major Biggs, C.B., who represented Her Majesty, was re-formed, and wended its way to the mausoleum, which is situated near Farnborough House, in a forest of firs. Opposite the door of the chapel the procession halted, and a procession of priests came to meet it. Having sprinkled each coffin with holy water, they formally removed the bodies from the care and custody of Mgr. Goddard—for henceforward they will be under the charge of the monks of Pré Montre, or White Canons of St. Norbert, who under their superior the Abbot Paulin have been installed in a building close by. The coffins were then taken through the chapel into the crypt. Led by the Abbot Paulin, the monks chanted the solemn Vespers of the dead, the coffins being placed on trestles before the altar. Prince Lucien Bonaparte, supported by the Duc de Bassano and the Marquis, his son and M. Pietri, sat before the coffins, which, at the close of the service, were lifted by retainers of the Imperial Household, and deposited in two large granite sarcophagi—the Emperor being placed on the right and the Prince Imperial to the left of the altar. Each priest then sprinkled the coffins with holy water, Prince Lucien Bonaparte and many others of those present performing this last rite, and a Benediction from the Abbot brought the ceremony to a close. Upon the Emperor's sarcophagus is inscribed "Napoleon III., R.I.P." On that of the Prince is graven, "Louis Eugène Napoleon, Prince Imperial, née à Paris, 16 Mars, 1856, mort en soldat à Irotrotiozy (Afrique Australe), le 1er Juin, 1879." Amongst those present were Major-General Sir Evelyn Wood and Lady Wood, Major-General Sir Drury-Lowe, and a number of officers. We illustrated and described the chapel and mausoleum in our issue for March 5th, 1887 (No. 901).

#### MR. ARCHIBALD MCNEILL,

WHOSE mysterious disappearance and subsequent death have attracted so much attention, was an unmarried man of about thirty-six years of age. He was educated at a Baptist Theological School near Birmingham, being intended for the ministry of that denomination, but the bent of his mind was towards journalism. This profession he presently adopted, and, after serving on the staff of several provincial newspapers, in 1878 he came to London, where he worked for various papers. In 1882 he joined the *Sportsman* as descriptive writer and dramatic critic. He was recently delegated by the editor of that journal to proceed to France on the occasion of the international prize-fight between Smith and Kilrain, for the purpose of writing a description of the journey, and of what may be termed the "outside" incidents of the fight. He accordingly left London on the evening of Sunday, December 18th, with a large party of sportsmen and journalists, duly reached the rendezvous, witnessed the fight, and proceeded to Paris on Monday evening, whence he sent a long telegraphic despatch to London. The larger portion of this message was delayed in transmission, and the knowledge of this fact depressed Mr. McNeill considerably. Next day, however, he apparently recovered his spirits, and started for London in company with several friends and colleagues. During the journey he again became nervous and excited, and on reaching Boulogne complained of feeling unwell. He went on board the boat, lay down for a short time, and then hastily quitted the steamer. Three-quarters of an hour later he sent a telegram to the *Sportsman* to say he had missed the steamer, but was coming by the next boat. He added that he thought "his head had gone wrong," and asked that he might be "met." He did not return by the next steamer, and, in spite of diligent search by his friends, nothing was heard of him till January 6th, when his body was found on the western sands at Boulogne, about 250 yards from the jetty. A *post-mortem* examination was held on the following day, at which both French and English doctors were present, and they decided that various injuries which Mr. McNeill had received about the head were inflicted during life, and not by himself. No money was found on the body, although the deceased had had a large sum in his possession; but since the discovery the French police have received an anonymous letter containing a 20*l.* and a 5*l.* note, which the writer says he found on the sands, but which do not appear to have been wetted. Lord Lytton has requested the French Government to prosecute further inquiries, as there seems strong evidence of foul play. We may add that Mr. McNeill was a man of small stature, little physical strength, and almost blind without his spectacles. His body has been brought to London, and was thence conveyed to Birmingham, near which city the burial has taken place.—Our portrait is from a photograph by J. Collier, 66, New Street, Birmingham.

#### THE PRINCESS MARY, DUCHESS OF FLANDERS

THIS lady, to whom Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria was alleged to have addressed the now notorious correspondence which so nearly succeeded in embroiling the Czar and Prince Bismarck, and which is vigorously denounced on all sides as having been forged by some

malignant personages, is the wife of the Duke of Flanders brother to the King of the Belgians, and heir to the throne, King Leopold having no son. The Duchess is about forty-two years of age, and is the daughter of the late Prince Charles Antony of Hohenzollern. Her brother is the King of Roumania, and the apparent object of Prince Ferdinand's supposed letters was to induce her to use her influence on his behalf with King Charles, who is in good favour with the Czar, and consequently might be able to bring about some species of reconciliation between Russia and Bulgaria. This in itself would have been extremely harmless; but, unfortunately, the letters were garnished with statements that Germany, despite her assurances to Russia, was ready to afford Prince Ferdinand secret support in his Bulgarian venture. Both the Duchess and the Prince, however, strenuously deny the authenticity of the letters, and Europe is left to wonder how such an astute monarch as the Czar came to be deceived by the spurious correspondence, and who can be the audacious but extremely childlike personages who ventured to attempt so dangerous a deception, which, in their wildest hopes, they could hardly have expected would escape detection.—Our portrait of the Duchess of Flanders is from a photograph by Gêruset Frères, Brussels.

#### MR. J. BLUNDELL MAPLE, M.P.

WHEN Mr. Morgan Howard was made a Judge, a vacancy was caused in the Parliamentary representation of East Dulwich. There were two competitors for the seat, namely, Mr. Maple (C) and Mr. Henderson (G L). The former polled 4,021 votes, the latter 2,609. Mr. Maple thus won the election by 1,412 votes. He is the eldest son of Mr. John Maple, of Haverstock Hill, by Emily, daughter of Mr. Richard Blundell, of Horley, Surrey. He was born in 1845, and was educated at King's College, London. In 1874 he married Emily Harriet, daughter of Mr. Moses Merryweather, of Clapham. He is a partner in the well-known furnishing house, Maple and Co., of Tottenham Court Road, and has lately become, by purchase, the owner of Childwickbury, near St. Albans. At the General Election of 1885 Mr. Maple was an unsuccessful candidate for South St. Pancras.—Our portrait is from a photograph by W. and A. H. Fry, 68, East Street, Brighton.

#### THE NORTH WALES GOLD-FIELD

MERIONETHSHIRE is more famed for its slate-quarries than for its mines. Still it is the only county in Britain where gold has been mined to any extent, and at a profit. The once-famous Clogau Mine lies in the hills bordering the north side of the estuary of the Mawddach, midway between Barmouth and Dolgelly. It is in this region, namely, in the Mawddach Valley, about five miles from Dolgelly, that the recent discoveries have been made. The owner of the property is Mr. William Pritchard Morgan, of Brynticton, Dolgelly, and Queen Victoria Street, London, who has had a long connection with gold-mining in Australia. Four years ago Mr. Morgan formed the impression that gold probably existed in the place where it has now been found. After making some experiments, he began systematic operations. He engaged a hundred men, and set them to drive an adit into the side of a hill. After penetrating 170 feet they came on a vein of quartz, in which gold was plainly visible. The lode thus discovered was found to be twenty-five feet thick, and it is stated that the deeper it descended into the heart of the hill the richer it became. There was already stacked, on the grass, a month ago 2,500 tons ready for treatment, and of this a great part has been estimated by Mr. William Crookes, F.R.S., to yield 6oz. to the ton. With the modern improvements in crushing and separating gold-ore, such a percentage ought to afford an excellent profit. But will such a yield be continuous? Those who are less sanguine about the success of Mr. Morgan's venture than he is himself point to the experience of the Clogau mine, where the discovery of a cluster of bunches of gold, worth nearly 40,000*l.*, created a gold fever in the district. Yet the subsequent yields were so disappointing that the result was ruin, and the hillsides are to this day strewn with the wreck of the machinery. On this point we shall express no opinion of our own, but simply wish Mr. Morgan every success as a reward for the energy he has displayed and the outlay he has incurred. The Cambrian El Dorado is situated in the Upper Mawddach Valley, a region of rugged grandeur, abounding in foaming cascades and stupendous hills. Such is the *locale* of the Mount Morgan Gold Mine. Offices have been built, and a couple of barracks are being erected for the accommodation of the miners and other *employés*, for, with the exception of the existing premises, there is not a house for miles. Our engravings are from excellent photographs taken by Professor W. Crookes, F.R.S.

#### FOX-HUNTING IN EGYPT

PAPER chases on horseback having become a favourite sport at Alexandria, a club has lately been formed styling itself "The Alexandria Hunt Club," under the auspices of which weekly paper chases are now held.

At the invitation of this club the officers of the 19th (P.W.O.) Hussars kindly brought their hounds down from Cairo some time ago, and a couple of days' sport were most thoroughly enjoyed. Several foxes were found, one killed, and one run to earth (the earths in the sand hills being so extensive it was found useless to try and dig him out), and although the scent was not good, owing to the hot winds which had prevailed for the preceding few days, one or two smart little runs were enjoyed—much to the astonishment of the natives, who are not yet quite accustomed to English ways, although one sporting native showed well to the front on a smart little Arab horse during the second day's run.

There was a good deal of water-jumping over the ditches by which the land is irrigated, and now and then a "zariba" of palm branches, and although most of the ponies had been over the ground several times during the paper chases, there were occasional "spills," and some of the unknown ones came to grief in the soft mud, which is covered with luxuriant grass. The meet each day was at 6 A.M., a field of about forty showing up on both occasions.

Our sketches represent several incidents in the field, and the hungry sportsmen being entertained at a hunt breakfast after the first day's run at "The Bungalow," the house of Middlemass Bey.

The Club has been taking steps to get out an Alexandria pack, thus affording a novel inducement to the annual flow of visitors to Egypt.

Our sketches are sent by Middlemass Bey, R.N., Inspector-in-Chief of Egyptian Coastguard.

#### "THE MYSTERY OF MIRBRIDGE"

A NEW STORY by James Payn, illustrated by George Du Maurier, is continued on page 41.

#### BATTLE-FIELDS OF THE SCOTTISH BORDERS

SCENES ON THE ALNWICK AND CORNHILL RAILWAY

THE Alnwick and Cornhill Railway, inaugurated last September, has opened up a part of Northumberland hitherto comparatively a *terra incognita* to the hosts of tourists who have for years been spreading themselves all over the North, seeking recreation and searching for pastures new, and here they may find both. This railway passes through a most interesting part of England, comprehending within its route beautiful scenery in the Vales of the Aln,



the Breamish, and the Till, reaching right on till it joins the Tweed at Cornhill. Whittingham Vale, which opens up after passing Edlingham, the first station, six miles from Alnwick, is one of the most lovely in Northumberland, and one full of the most delightful attractions, and when we add the attractions of Coquetdale and of Glendale, all within easy range, we have a stretch of country which might well be termed *Unaterramarevulosa*. Here are the great mountain ranges crowned by the Cheviots, surrounded by lesser hills, all having their own special beauties, and the most extensive prospects. All along their summits, on their sides, and in the valleys also, are to be found endless traces of a populous pre-historic occupation by men whose methods of life can only be guessed at. Ancient British settlements, British towns, and burial places, localities where occur those mysterious rock-markings and incised stones, now said to be symbols of a worship which once prevailed all over the world, now obsolete here, though still lingering in our far-off possessions in the East; unmistakable evidences of Watling Street, that wonderful specimen of Roman construction, here called "The Devil's Causeway," entrenchments on the hills, and protective stations in the valleys. The Saxon has left his records in the names of the villages and the home-steads, and the Norman built his castles, Pele towers, and Basil houses, to protect himself from the raids of the predatory Scot. Eslington was a crenellated mansion in 1336. Callalee was in possession of the Claverings (who claim descent from Charlemagne) for six hundred years. Lorbottle dates back to the time of Henry II. (1177). Chillingham Castle, consisting of four massive towers, built in the thirteenth century, since enlarged by Inigo Jones, has now an Elizabethan character imparted to it. Its wild cattle, said to be descendants from the ancient breed of the country which roamed "along the backbone of hills reaching from Cheviot to Hamilton," can be seen on a clear day from Ilderton Station, on the line, disporting themselves on Roscastle Hill, at the foot of which the Castle is built.

Wooler is about midway between Alnwick and Cornhill, and is placed in a most charming situation within easy distance of some of the most remarkable spots in the locality,—spots where men made history in a way wherein rugged strength most prevailed. The field of Hedgeley Moor, where the Percy, Sir Hugh, when dying exclaimed, "I have saved the bird in my breast!" meaning that he had kept his oath to Henry VI., is about six miles from Wooler.

The battle field of Flodden, in Millfield Plain, lies about eight miles to the north-west of Wooler, and about three miles from Mindrum station, and Ford Castle is near, where King James slept on the night before the battle,

When shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear,  
And broken was her shield.

Beginning at Alnwick, with its princely castle, "the Windsor" of the North, and its many other attractions, until we get to Coldstream on the other side of the Tweed, we are carried along a breadth of country which for natural beauty, grandeur of scenery, historical interest, antiquarian allurements dear to the "Oldbucks" of our generation, and fishing enticements for our Isaac Waltons, it would be difficult to find excelled elsewhere.

#### THE GREAT FAIR AT ALLAHABAD

THE Magh-Mela, or great January fair, attracts crowds of pilgrims and other visitors from places more or less distant from Allahabad. The multitudes converge upon the sandy tongue of land which marks the meeting-place of the sacred rivers, the Jumna and the Ganges. Here a city of straw huts and mud hovels springs up within a week, each hut choked with human beings, and the total population thus suddenly brought into the city amounting to not less than a million. To keep order in such a multitude, to arrange the lines of huts in fair open spaces, to ensure cleanliness and health, to nurse the sick, and circumvent crime in this mushroom metropolis of strange and helpless folk, is no light task, but, like everything else in India, is taken as it comes, and sturdily accomplished. Down the wide main streets, between the straw huts, flows a river of human beings. Here and there jogs a shaft-tilted *ekka*, sardine-packed with many-coloured women, or an elephant swings along with European sightseers uncomfortably aloft. Beggars, hawkers, money-changers, and fakirs abound, but there is not one drunken man or woman in the vast crowd. One of the most curious sights is a large wind-swept enclosure, where thousands of men and women, old and young, are being shaven as clean as billiard balls. An acre of ground, ankle-deep in human hair, is not a common object in any country.—Our engravings are from photographs by Mr. S. A. Hill, Professor of Physics in Muir College, Allahabad.



**POLITICAL ITEMS.**—Lord Salisbury met with a magnificent reception at Liverpool on Wednesday, and from 5,000 to 6,000 persons listened in the evening to a speech from him remarkable for earnestness as well as brilliancy. With even more distinctness than before he pointed out that whenever any nation wished to deal a blow at England Ireland was selected as the base of hostile operations, and he declared that unless England ceased to be England Englishmen would see that consolidation with Ireland, not separation from it, was the only remedy for the Irish malady. The greatest crime in the policy of England towards Ireland had, he said, been vacillation, and Ireland might yet be prosperous if Englishmen showed the vigour and tenacity of their race. Incidentally Lord Salisbury declared to be "an utter, complete and absolute falsehood" the statement recently repeated by Mr. Shaw-Lefevre that there were other members of the Conservative Cabinet of 1885, besides Lord Carnarvon, who expressed a feeling in favour of Home Rule, and he scouted Mr. Gladstone's assertion that Conservatives were in private predicting the concession of Home Rule of some kind.—In a striking letter read at a meeting of Radical Unionists at Handsworth, Mr. Bright said that the nation has just celebrated the half century of the Queen's reign, thus showing its reverence for her high station and her noble life; yet this same nation is now advised to force upon the Queen, when a general election takes place, a Minister who would subject her to the monstrous indignity of selecting her Irish Councillors and Cabinet Ministers from men who have given abundant proof of their disloyalty to the throne, and of their bitter hostility to the people of Great Britain.—To a great gathering of Unionists at Glasgow Sir Henry James, in an able and logical speech, dealt very effectively with the charge that the Liberal Unionists had deserted the principles of the Liberal party. Sketching the history of that party, he showed that its great struggle had been against the ascendancy which prevented equal rights under equal laws being enjoyed by every subject of the realm. Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill was in direct contravention of this object; it would have given ascendancy in Ireland to one party, to one creed, to one interest only.—Speaking at Stirling, the Marquis of Ripon went the length of insinuating that the desire to impose further restrictions on parliamentary obstruction expressed in recent Ministerial speeches was prompted by a fear of the unpleasant questions that, when Parliament met, would be put to the Government respecting their administration of Ireland.

**IRELAND.**—The Irish Executive perseveres in its determination to enforce the law. Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's committal to Galway gaol,

on the rejection of his appeal, was followed by the arrest of Mr. W. J. Lane, M.P. for East Cork, on a charge of using inflammatory language at a Nationalist meeting near Cork. He was liberated on bail to await his trial on the 17th inst.—Mr. Timothy Harrington, M.P., the Secretary of the National League, has been sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment without hard labour, as part proprietor of the *Kerry Sentinel*, which published a report of a meeting of a suppressed branch of the League. The defendant denied that he was a proprietor of the journal, and leave being given him to appeal he was liberated on his own recognisances.—Mr. Patrick Corcoran, printer and publisher of the *Cork Examiner*, has, for a series of similar offences, been sentenced to a month's imprisonment with hard labour, a punishment which ought to have a deterrent effect. He asked that the sentence might be increased so as to allow him to appeal, but the request was refused.—In his charge to the Ennis Grand Jury, the Judge said that although he could not congratulate them on the absence of crime, he could observe a steady progress towards amendment.

**MR. RITCHIE**, the President of the Local Government Board, spoke his mind pretty freely to a deputation from the Lambeth Board of Guardians who had an interview with him respecting the Department's suspension of their Relieving Officer on account of the death by starvation of an old man and his wife while in receipt of 3s. 6d. per week of outdoor relief, 2s. of which went to pay their rent. He told them that the unfortunate couple had been starved to death through the inadequacy of the relief granted by the Guardians, coupled with the entire absence of all proper supervision of the case on the part of the Relieving Officer.

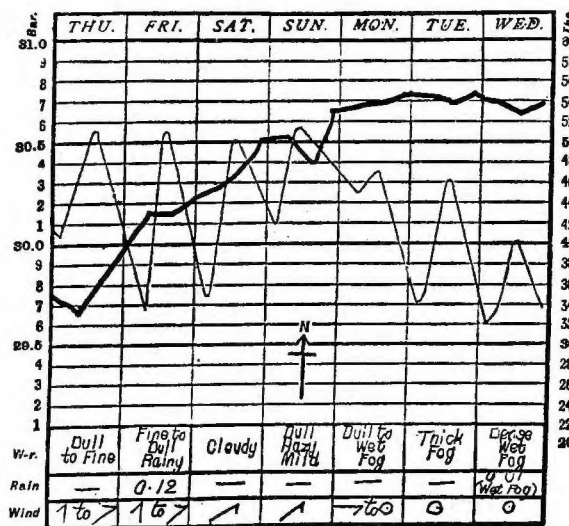
**HOW TO RELIEVE THE DISTRESS IN THE HOLBORN DISTRICT** was discussed at a meeting convened by and presided over by its Parliamentary representative, Colonel Duncan, M.P. A resolution was adopted urging the Vestries or Sanitary Boards to give work in the streets and in cleansing courts at half-a-crown a day.

**A BODY OF CROFTERS** in the Lewis, a thousand strong, and in military array, made a raid at the beginning of the week on the Aignish sheep farm, which ought, they maintain, to furnish additions to their holdings. Confronted by a force of Royal Scots, Marines, and police, they refused to disperse. The Riot Act was read, and a serious collision took place, in which not only a number of the rioters, but the Procurator Fiscal and the officer commanding the troops, with several policemen, were wounded. Eleven of the raiders were captured, and taken to Stornoway, but the main body succeeded in their object, and cleared the farm of its stock. A gun-boat at Glasgow has been ordered by the Admiralty to proceed to the island.

**OUR OBITUARY** records the death of the Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, formerly Bishop of Mauritius; in his seventy-third year, of Mr. William C. Beasley, Q.C., late Recorder of Hull, and previously of Warwick; in his ninety-eighth year, of Mr. William Crackanthorpe, an active supporter of Lord Brougham in pre-Reform days, and a social celebrity of the North of England, for nearly seventy years Chairman of the Westmoreland Poor Law Board; in his eighty-seventh year, of Mr. Edward Bradford, Deputy Inspector-General of Hospitals, and Honorary Surgeon to the Queen; in his eighty-fifth year, of Mr. Thomas Latimer, the oldest journalist in the West of England, and as editor and proprietor of the *Western Times* of great service to the Liberal party in Devonshire; suddenly, in his fifty-ninth year, of Mr. Robert Hardman, the distinguished Scottish artist; and in his eighty-first year, of Mr. Bonamy Price, the well-known Professor of Political Economy at Oxford, who was twitted by Mr. Gladstone in language that has become memorable with applying in his report on the Irish Land Question, as a member of the Duke of Richmond's Commission, "the principles of abstract political economy to the people and circumstances of Ireland, exactly as if he had been preparing to legislate for the inhabitants of Saturn and Jupiter." Professor Price's reply is said to have been, "So true do I hold these laws to be that I can hardly conceive a Saturn or a Jupiter in which they could be infringed with impunity."

#### WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 11, 1888



**EXPLANATION.**—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Wednesday midnight (11th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

**REMARKS.**—During the first part of this week unsettled, rainy, and mild weather prevailed, while subsequently quiet and very foggy conditions, with falling temperature set in generally. The weather experienced for the earlier part of the period was due to some depressions which skirted our North-Western and Northern Coasts in a North-Easterly direction. These disturbances produced Southerly to Westerly winds of moderate strength in most places, with an occasional gale in the South-West and West, and cloudy, or misty and showery weather pretty generally. Temperature during this time was unusually mild for the season over the more Northern half of the United Kingdom. About the middle of the period a large anticyclone moved up from the South of France, and by the close of the week the North-Western portion of this system had extended over the whole of our Islands. The mercury consequently increased in height generally, and light Southerly breezes were felt over the greater part of the country, while a thick wet fog hung over England very persistently. Along the West Coasts of Ireland and in Scotland, however, the sky was quite clear at the close of the week, and temperature had become lower generally. The average temperature for the week has been high generally. At the beginning of the week slight frosts were felt at a few places, while about the middle of the period the maximum readings nearly reached 60° in many parts of the country, while from the North-East of England a value as high as 63° was reported.

The barometer was highest (30.73 inches) on Monday and Tuesday (9th and 10th inst.); lowest (29.67 inches) on Thursday (5th inst.); range 1.06 inch.

The temperature was highest (51°) on Thursday, Friday, and Sunday (5th, 6th, and 8th inst.); lowest (32°) on Wednesday (11th inst.); range 19°.

Rain fell on two days. Total fall 0.13 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.12 inch on Friday (6th inst.)



**RUBIES** are being found in South Australia in considerable quantities.

**ANOTHER LUNG FOR SOUTH LONDON.**—Camberwell is to have a public park in Myatt's Fields, where fourteen acres have been presented for this purpose by the freeholder.

**THE BABY KING OF SPAIN** received a singular Christmas-box for an infant of nineteen months. A loyal planter in Havana sent His Majesty 10,000 of the finest cigars.

**NEW SOUTH WALES** will issue a set of eight new postage-stamps to commemorate her centenary. The designs will be chosen from a competition, the first prize being 10s., and the second 3s. 3s., for the best model in each denomination.

**THE APPRENTICES' EXHIBITION AT THE PEOPLE'S PALACE** proved a great success. During its four weeks' existence the Exhibition was visited by 83,000 persons, who contributed 900s. in small sums—1d. and 2d. As the Drapers' Company have promised 100s. towards the expenses, the cost of 1,000s. will thus be covered.

**FEMININE HAIR-DRESSING IN PARIS** now strictly follows a code according to the colour of the tresses. Fair hair is to be turned back loosely from the face, so as to form a golden aureole, dark locks must be parted down the centre and smoothly arranged, chestnut tresses may be piled high on the head in Japanese style, with a few curls straying over the forehead.

**RAISING MONEY FOR PUBLIC WORKS IN CHINA** is no joke to Celestial officials. The late terrific floods in the Empire having been caused by a breach in the Yellow River, twenty million taels (about six and a-half millions sterling) must be spent on repairing the damage, so, to provide the necessary funds, all provincial officials' salaries will be stopped for a year. We would recommend this idea to some embarrassed Chancellors of the Exchequer farther West.

**SCHOOLMASTERS** are so scarce in Prussia that the Minister of Instruction has requested the provincial authorities not to allow the teachers in primary schools to retire from duty at the usual age. There is an opportunity for English teachers, as the profession is fast becoming over-stocked, thanks to the numbers annually turned out by the Training Colleges. Germans compete with English clerks in their own country, why should not we take the hint?

**THE CARNIVAL AT NICE** is to be especially gay this year, in hopes of drowning the memory of last year's lugubrious end to such merriment—the Ash-Wednesday earthquake. The great feature of the Carnival will be an International Masquerade competition, all the Italian Carnival Societies being especially invited to compete. Political, personal, and religious masquerades, however, are prohibited, so in that direction the fun will be limited.

**TWELFTH NIGHT CAKES IN PARIS** this year were generally constructed like a Papal triple tiara, in compliment to Leo XIII.'s Jubilee. As the "Jour des Rois" fell on a Friday many pious Catholics put off the celebration till Sunday, when the usual hunting for the Royal bean took place amid much fun. The Twelfth Night King and Queen are expected to dance the first valse together at all the balls where they meet during the succeeding year.

**TEMPLE BAR** was, on its removal, presented by the Corporation to Sir Henry Meux, on condition that it should be re-erected at one of the entrances to his demesne, Theobald's Park, Waltham Cross. The original Theobald's, a magnificent mansion, long since destroyed, and built by Queen Elizabeth's Lord Burleigh, was exchanged for Hatfield by James I. with his Minister, Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, Lord Burleigh's younger son, and ancestor of the present Premier. Lady Meux recently laid the foundation-stone of the reconstructed Temple Bar, the erection of which will be finished in a few months.

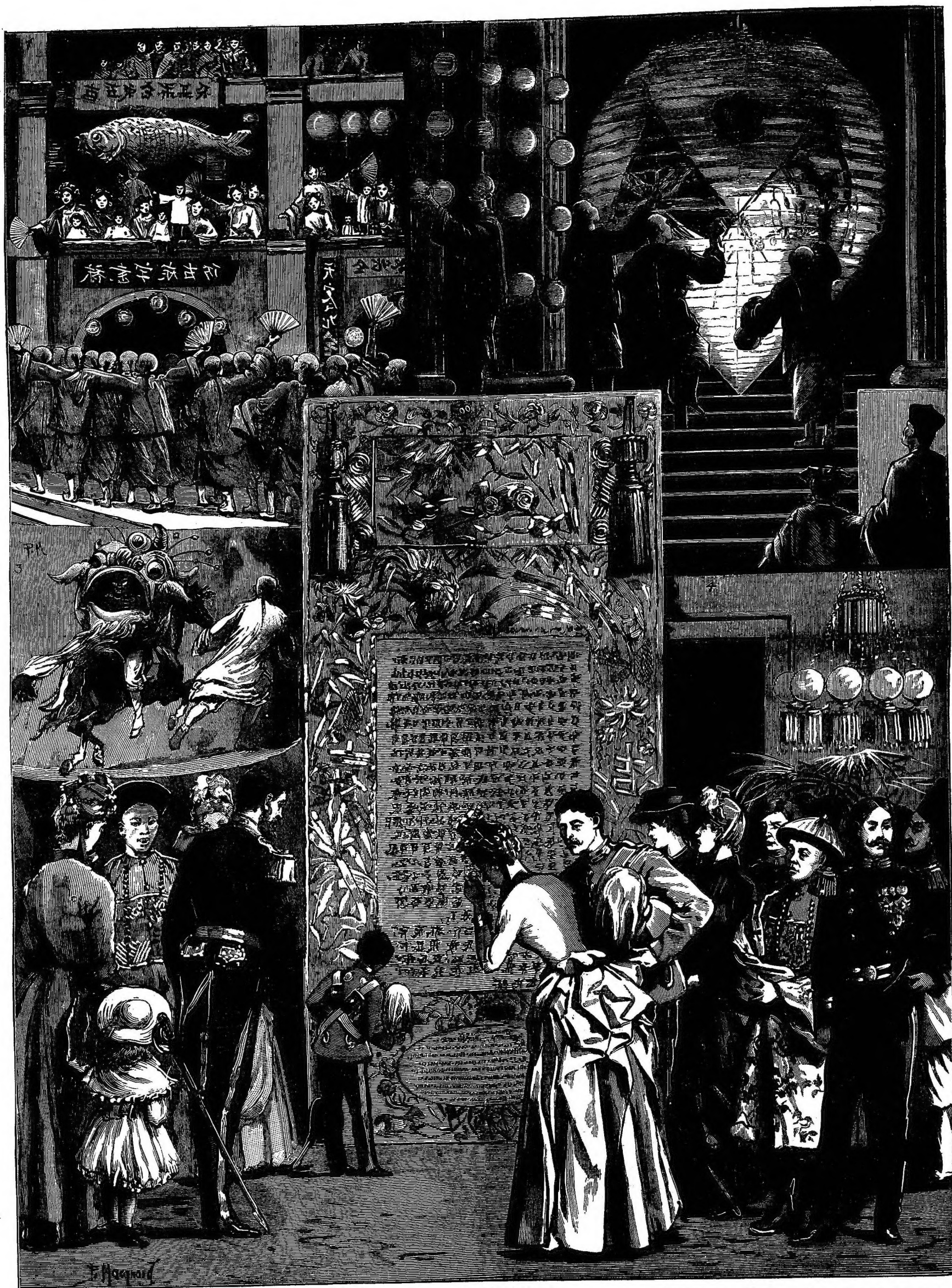
**THE BRITISH MUSEUM READING ROOM** is appreciated more and more heartily by the public as time goes on. Twelve years ago the daily average of readers was 300, but in 1887 it reached 604, while the total number of readers during the year amounted to 182,778—5,885 more than during 1886. Just upon 3,800 new tickets were issued, together with 3,400 temporary permits. The daily average of books consulted was 1,163, an increase of 199 on the numbers of only three years since. From 14 to 16 minutes was the average time of procuring the books, though before the present re-arrangement of attendants to certain sections from half to three-quarters of an hour was required to get a book even when the daily readers were half the present number.

**THE PAPAL JUBILEE EXHIBITION IN THE VATICAN** resembles its secular predecessors in one particular—it was not ready on the opening day, last Friday. The Salle des Souverains, containing the Royal gifts, was finished, but the remaining sections were by no means in complete order. As yet the outside world has had little chance of examining the treasures offered by fervent believers, for the pilgrims and sound Catholics in good odour with the Vatican have alone been admitted. The Pope opened the collection with much ceremony. He sat in State in the Reception Room beyond the Exhibition galleries, while Cardinal Schiaffino, the President of the Organising Committee, read the inaugural address, and in his reply Leo XIII. remarked that "each gift was a loving protest for the Apostolic See." His Holiness then listened to Gounod's "Hurrar," specially composed for the occasion, before making a complete tour of the Exhibition. Every child born in Rome on New Year's Day, and christened "Leo" or "Leonie," will be presented by the Jubilee Committee with a savings-book and deposit of 4s.

**THE MONKISH ORDER OF PRÉ MONTRÉ**, or White Canons of St. Norbert, who are now to watch over the remains of Napoleon III. and the Prince Imperial, were, curiously enough, exiled from England by Henry VIII., and none of the brothers returned for three centuries, till exiled from France by the present Republic, and now their duty is to guard the tombs of exiles. The Pré-Montré Order is very ancient, and was at one time immensely powerful and prosperous throughout Europe, possessing in 1343 nearly 2,300 houses. Its prosperity first began to decline in the fifteenth century, when the Hussites ruined their abbeys in Bohemia. Afterwards came the Reformation, and as the Reformed Faith spread, the Pré-Montrés were gradually turned out of Northern Germany, Denmark, and Great Britain. The French Revolution of 1793 completed their ruin, and the Order dwindled down till it now possesses only twenty establishments. When France recently expelled the monastic orders, five melancholy brethren fled to England, and founded a priory at Storrington in a cottage lent by the Duke of Norfolk. Now their numbers have risen to fifteen, and the ex-Empress Eugénie has built them a large red-brick monastery at Farnborough.

**LONDON MORTALITY** has increased and decreased respectively during the two last weeks, and 1,882 and 1,868 deaths have been registered, against 1,501 during the previous seven days, a rise of 381, and decline of 14, being 68 and 95 below the average, and at the rate of 23.3 and 22.8 per 1,000. There were 28 and 25 from measles, 40 and 37 from scarlet fever, 22 and 28 from diphtheria, 130 and 120 from whooping-cough, 19 and 28 from enteric fever, 12 and 12 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and not one from small-pox or cholera. There were 2,326 and 2,845 births registered, being respectively 10 and 241 below the average.





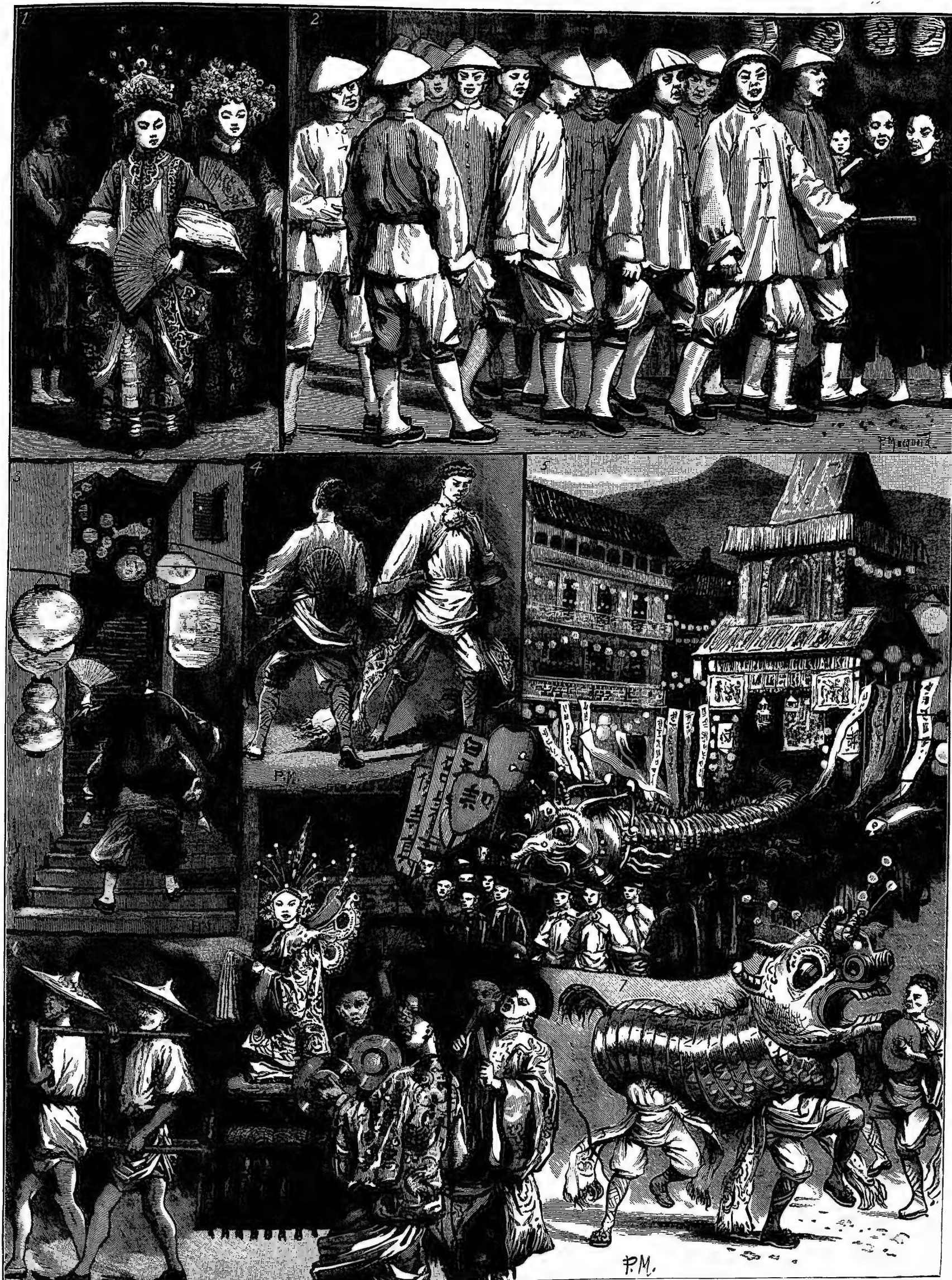
1. The Husband's Boat (from Canton)

2. The Gigantic Lantern at the Hong Kong Bank  
4. Address at Government House

3. The Entr'acte : The Young Dragon Goes Home to Tea

CELEBRATING THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE IN HONG KONG





1. The Cinderella Sister

2. Special Sworn Extras  
6. Processional Notes3. Up the Steps  
7. Small Comic Dragons

4. Dragon Bearers

5. A Triumphal Arch

CELEBRATING THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE IN HONG KONG



In ITALY the Pope has continued His Jubilee celebrations and receptions. A second Jubilee Mass was performed in St. Peter's last week, when the exhibition of the Jubilee presents was also opened in the Vatican by the Pope, who, in a brief speech, remarked that his "soul was deeply moved by the manifestations of love and veneration that had reached him from the whole world." He regarded them as testifying to the power of the Papacy, which it had been vainly attempted to deny. Moreover, the share taken by the Sovereigns in the demonstration on the occasion of his Jubilee proved that they justly appreciated the importance of the Papacy. There have been continual receptions of pilgrims, and on Tuesday the Pope gave audience to the British contingent. These were headed by the Duke of Norfolk, who read an address to the Pope affirming the great devotion of the British Roman Catholics to His Holiness, and dwelling upon the remarkable progress of Roman Catholicism in England, whose sons have followed their Queen's example in testifying their veneration for the Pope. Leo XIII., in reply,

THE COURT

THE Queen witnessed some *tableaux vivants* at Osborne at the close of last week, when Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and several members of the Royal Household took part in the performance. Her Majesty invited numerous guests from the neighbourhood to see the *tableaux*, and the Royal Marines Band played during the evening. On Saturday the Duchess of Albany and her children left for Claremont, and the Marquis of Salisbury with Lord Walter Gordon-Lennox arrived, while in the evening Lord Salisbury had audience of the Queen, and subsequently joined the Royal party at dinner, together with Lord Walter Gordon-Lennox, Sir H. and Lady Ponsonby, and Major-General Dennehy. Next morning Her Majesty and Prince and Princess Henry attended Divine Service at Osborne, when Canon Prothro officiated. In the evening Lord Salisbury, Captain the Hon. North and Mrs. Dalrymple, Lord Walter Gordon-Lennox, and Major-General Dennehy dined with the Queen, and on Monday Lord Salisbury left Osborne. In the evening a repetition of the *tableaux vivants* was given before the Queen and Royal Household, and numerous guests. At present it is decided that the Queen will spend Easter at San Remo, starting about March 20, and being absent a month. If the German Crown Prince's health permit, the marriage of Prince Henry and Princess Irene of Hesse will take place at San Remo during Her Majesty's stay, probably about the second week in April.

NOTES AND NEWS.—It is stated that during the forthcoming season the Philharmonic Society have secured orchestral novelties by Herr Grieg, M. Tschaiowsky, and M. Widor (who will all come to London to conduct them), M. Silas, and Mr. George J. Bennett. Herr Grieg will also play a pianoforte concerto. Mr. F. H. Cowen



will be the conductor in chief.—A curious suicide of an operatic soprano named Bastia is announced from Milan. She was once very popular in the part of Aida, but it is said she retired to a cellar and deliberately starved herself to death because (according to a letter found in her pocket) managers declared she was too stout to appear on the stage.—The eminent Spanish violinist Señor Sarasate will come to England in May to play at several concerts in London and the provinces.—Miss Dilys Davies, who spoke so ably at the Shrewsbury Conference about the education of girls in Wales, is a younger sister of Miss Mary Davies, the well-known concert vocalist.



ARCHDEACON EARLE has been appointed Bishop Suffragan of London with the title of Bishop of Guildford. The name of Prebendary Sandford, Vicar of Cornwood, was also submitted to the Queen. In accordance with the arrangement promoted by the Bishop of London, and previously referred to in this column, the Bishop of Guildford will be presented by the Drapers' Company to the Rectory of St. Michael's, Cornhill, valued at upwards of 900*l.* a year, with a resident population of little more than 200. He was appointed in 1872 a Prebendary of Exeter, and Archdeacon of Totnes in 1872; in 1879 Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Exeter, now Bishop of London; and in 1885 to a Canonry of Exeter, where he has since resided, zealously promoting mission work in the diocese. Though a High Churchman, he is described as personally popular with all sections of Churchmen. His new duties will be those of a virtual Bishop of South London, a region with a population of 800,000.

THE LAST ISSUE of the *Record* consists mainly of an exhaustive and interesting account of the religious condition of South London, the result of an investigation of several months. The *Record* thus states the conclusion to which this inquiry leads:—"The religious future of South London seems to be dependent on the Church. Laiden indifference, the result of hopeless penury, is settling down more and more into the hearts of the people, and is making religious work harder and harder. . . . If things once begin to slide back there can, humanly speaking, be no recovery; the land will quickly become virtually heathen, and there will then be less chance of Christianity acquiring possessions in South London than in Central Africa." This description was pronounced to be perfectly accurate by the head of the Pembroke College (Cambridge) Mission, which has been at work for some years in South London at a meeting held in support of it in the Jerusalem Chamber this week, at which the Master of Pembroke, the Bishop of Rochester, and Archdeacon Farrar were among the other speakers.

AN OFFER HAS BEEN MADE OF 10,000*l.* towards the endowment of a Bishopric for Bristol, on the condition that 30,000*l.* shall have been subscribed and paid for the same object by next Midsummer. Of this sum 24,000*l.* have been already subscribed, and the Committee appeal earnestly for the remaining 6,000*l.*, in order to be able to avail themselves of the munificent offer.

THE PROTEST against the so-called coercive policy of the Government in Ireland by twenty-four Nonconformist ministers at Cardiff has been acknowledged by Mr. Balfour, the Irish Secretary, who says that, while he has no doubt that it was framed with the best intention, "it shows a melancholy ignorance of the true condition of affairs in Ireland."

MR. SPURGEON on Sunday preached his first sermon, since his return last week from Mentone, to a congregation estimated at nearly 7,000 persons.—On Monday there was a festal meeting at the Metropolitan Tabernacle to celebrate his return and the issue of his 2,000th sermon. In the course of the proceedings Mr. Spurgeon hinted a desire to see Presbyterians, Baptists, and Church people sign a solemn league and covenant for the "grand old faith."



THOROUGH CULTIVATION should be an agriculturist's motto for 1888, just as thorough horse-breeding and thorough dairy education should be the watchwords of the breeder and of the pastoral farmer. Thorough cultivation takes the form of a thorough disintegration and aeration of the soil, of deep ploughing, of a careful and persevering choice of the best seeds, in the use of the manures appropriate to each soil, and of the absolute extirpation of weeds. The disintegration and good ploughing of the land is largely a matter of implements, but the choice of good seed is an affair much more largely within the farmer's own hands. There are few farmers so poor but that they can afford the purchase for one season of the fine seed of a good trading-house. After this one investment the farmer's own industry in selection should do the rest. As to good manuring and the extirpation of weeds, these two attempts go happily together; for just as the old proverb tells us that what is one man's meat is another man's poison, so it is with vegetation and its food. It is possible to find manures which, while fertilising the required crops, are fatal to the weeds infesting such crops. Not less than this has already been accomplished by the chemical and scientific counsellors on whom the wisest farmers most rely. At the same time, it may be as well to say frankly that in agriculture the immense advances made, and making, in mechanics, are not to be expected. We cannot in any way sympathise with an eminent writer who recently deplored that, while the speed of steam transit had increased fourfold in the present reign, and the cost of freight had diminished to one-fourth, the wheat production per acre had only increased 7 per cent. We do not see the connection, and we trust that no false hopes will be excited by impossible comparisons.

COMPETITION in respect to cereals does not promise much abatement in 1888. Last year over eighteen million quarters of breadstuffs were imported by the United Kingdom, and we may rejoice that the price paid—thirty millions—large as it is, was not larger. This New Year Australia is already hurrying forward a large wheat supply, while in May and June Russia is expected to be busy shipping known large reserves of the old wheat crop, and India will be exporting the first return of the New Year's yield. In respect to live and dead stock, however, there is some hope of abatement in the strain on English producers. American shippers of beef and pork did not do well in 1887, in fact a very well informed agricultural writer has gone so far as to assert that "they lost far more than they gained." New Zealand farmers in 1887 only got an average price of a penny per pound for their mutton sent here, while both in that colony and in South America agricultural attention is being diverted in the direction of cereal culture. The foreign competition in the way of cheese, butter, and eggs has been keen, yet not quite so acute as in the year preceding. The extension of poultry farming in England has been remarkable, and is already beginning to reduce our wonted tribute to France. The just and helpful Margarine Act

is likely to increase the demand for butter, while the efforts made of late years to improve our cheese farms have not been entirely without fruit. Great pressure has been brought to bear on the Government by its agricultural supporters in the direction of a subvention to dairy education, and it is rumoured that 15,000*l.* will be devoted to this most useful purpose. Lectures do but little good; the practical country farmer looks with scant favour on the doctrinaire from South Kensington. But practical example and practical training have a value that cannot be gainsaid, and the proposed vote would accomplish an enormous amount of practical good.

QUEEN'S PREMIUMS FOR STALLIONS.—A great effort is being made by the Government and by the Royal Agricultural Society. In the second week of February a great show of stallions will be held. The Royal Agricultural Society offer five prizes of 200*l.* each, and the Crown offers twenty-two premiums also of 200*l.* each. The stallions whose owners accept the prizes or the premiums will be at the service of farmers in different parts of the country at the moderate fee of 2*l.* per mare, so that by means of these high inducements it is hoped that stallions of a first-class character, calculated to get horses of a strong, profitable, and useful kind, may be placed within the reach of all classes of farmers. The allotment of the Queen's prizes between England and Scotland is in the proportion of eighteen to four. Scotch farmers are already grumbling, but we cannot see with any justice; the proportion of population of the two countries is much nearer twenty-eight to four.

KENT.—The hop county is just now the scene of some very lively meetings, and affairs generally seem, agriculturally speaking, to be in a most disturbed state. At Biddenden an enthusiastic meeting of farmers and landowners, presided over by Mr. Tylden Patterson, has unanimously resolved, "That this meeting fully recognises the ruin which our present system of so-called free trade is bringing on our home industries, and pledges itself to do its best to support the Fair Trade League in obtaining fair play for British productions and British labour." The Maidstone Farmers' Club have only been prevented by the strong opposition of no less eminent a statesman than Mr. Goschen from the following example of the above meeting. At Paddock Wood a good meeting of farmers has been held, at which it was resolved, "That this meeting pledges itself to use its utmost endeavours to put the British producer upon the same basis as his foreign competitor." Meanwhile something of the nature of a calamity has overtaken the East Kent Chamber of Agriculture, the dissolution of which appears to be imminent. The tenant farmer members are said to have, for the most part, joined the Canterbury Farmers' Club, but this, which is put forward as a cause of dissolution, is probably only itself an effect of previous differences within the Chamber.



THE GRAND JURY OF MIDDLESEX has returned true bills against Mr. Cunningham Grahame, M.P., and Mr. John Burns, charged with riotous assembling, and against Callan and Harkins, the suspected dynamiters. The latter case, it is understood, will not be tried until next sessions. The trial of Mr. Grahame and Mr. Burns has been fixed for Monday.

THE MAGISTRATES at the January Middlesex sessions for hearing appeals affirmed convictions of Mr. Vaughan, the Bow Street police magistrate, in the case of three men charged with assaulting the police in connection with the Trafalgar Square disturbances. In one of two similar cases of appeal against decisions of Sir James Ingham, at Bow Street, the conviction was quashed, the magistrates holding that the constable who had been assaulted was mistaken in his man. The appellant, a clerk in the service of the South Eastern Railway had been sentenced to three months' imprisonment with hard labour.

MR. MORGAN, the owner of the new gold mines in the Mawddach Valley, made an application at the Merionethshire Quarter Sessions for two constables to be stationed near it, stating that recently a large piece of gold rock had been knocked off and carried away. After considerable discussion the application was granted, but only on the condition, to which Mr. Morgan assented, that he should pay for the constables.

A MELANCHOLY CASE OF CRIME came before the Recorder at the opening of the January sessions at the Old Bailey this week. James Clarricoats, aged forty-nine, pleaded guilty to having forged and uttered bills of exchange to large amounts, by which a loss of more than 16,000*l.* it was stated, had been sustained by his employers, the well-known firm of Copestake, Lindsey, Crampton, and Co., of St. Paul's Churchyard. He entered their service when he was fifteen, and had thus been in it thirty-four years, during the last twenty of which he was second clerk in their banking department, with a salary of 360*l.* He was a married man with nine children whom he had to maintain, and he assisted his parents and his brother. It was only three years ago, with a sick wife increasing his other expenses, his counsel pleaded in extenuation, that he was tempted to commit the first forgery. The Recorder, taking into consideration the length of his service and the heavy expenses which he had to meet, sentenced him to seven years' penal servitude.

MR. HUTCHINGS, solicitor, who for three consecutive years was Mayor of Devonport, and on retiring in 1886 might have been elected a fourth time, has been sentenced to a year's imprisonment without hard labour, on being convicted at the Devonport Quarter Sessions of having procured the execution of a mortgage deed for 250*l.* while making the mortgagor believe that it was only for 200*l.*



THE TURF NEWS of the week is scanty. Thursday last week was the last day of the Four Oaks Park Meeting, postponed from Christmas. Both fields and attendance were small. Kilworth won the Christmas Hunters' Steeplechase Plate, Sir George Elliot the Moxhall Handicap Steeplechase Plate, and Home-Bred the Tally-Ho Hunters' Hurdle Race Plate. On the same afternoon, at Tally-Ho, Southam and The Saint each won their races. Another postponed meeting, that at Kempton Park, was concluded on Saturday, when Intruder won a Selling Handicap Hurdle Race, and Old Gold the Richmond Handicap Hurdle Race.

It is rumoured that, contrary to expectation, Sir George Chetwynd does not intend to take legal proceedings against Lord Durham.

FOOTBALL.—The fifth round of the Association Cup competition was played on Saturday last. The match between Preston North End and Aston Villa produced a "record" in the way of attendance. No less than twenty-seven thousand persons were present, and the "gate" amounted to 1,700*l.* Unfortunately the Perry Barr officials had reckoned without such a host as this. The crowd pressed in upon the ground in spite of the efforts of the police.

Consequently (with the Villa score at one to nothing) the North Enders protested early in the game. In the end, however, they won by three to one, and then wanted to withdraw their protest. The Villa team now urged that it should be accepted. The matter is finally to be decided by the Football Association to-day. Of the other matches, that between the Old Carthusians and Bootle attracted most attention. The Charterhouse boys were successful, and are thus (as the Old Foresters went down before Middlesbrough) the only Southern club left in. Unfortunately, just before the end of the match, A. M. Walters, who had been playing in his usual brilliant form, slipped and dislocated the small bone of his leg. At the hospital, however, he kicked it in again, and is now on the road to recovery. Blackburn Rovers, Crewe Alexandra, West Bromwich Albion, Derby Junction, and Sheffield Wednesday are the other clubs left in the sixth round. Rugbywise the Fettesian-Lorettonians have been defeated by the Edinburgh Academicals, and London Scottish by Guy's Hospital. One or two deaths due to football have been reported this week. At least one is put down to unduly rough play. Referees must take a broader view of their duties, and order rough players off the ground, or such cases will become more frequent.

BILLIARDS.—Roberts, playing spot-barred, easily defeated A. Bennett, all in, last week. This week the champion has a harder task before him in playing Mitchell, who is allowed to make forty consecutive spots, and who had, at time of writing, scored breaks of 464 and 396 under those conditions. McNeill easily defeated White last week, making among other breaks one of 266. Those old antagonists, North and Peall, are this week playing 9,000 up, spot-barred, at the Aquarium, the latter being in receipt of 500 points start.

ROWING.—The University Boat Race has already become a standing headline in the daily papers. As usual, Cambridge are the first in the field. They began practice on Monday last.—Hanlan and Christian Nelson are matched. The latter is to receive a small start.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Smith and Kilrain, who seem none the worse for the encounter which indirectly caused Mr. McNeill's death, are starting at the Aquarium.—The International Draughts Match must have been rather a depressing encounter. After fourteen days' play the scores were: Barker (Champion of America) 3 games, Martins (ex-Champion of England) 1 game, drawn 45 games.—A Russian youth, Alexander von Panselim, won the International Skating contest at Vienna, doing the distance (1 mile) in 3 min. 36 sec. (record).

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY

### II.

EXCEPT the fine Rembrandts already noticed, none of the Dutch pictures will be regarded with more satisfaction than the two De Hooghes. The smaller, representing a quaint brick-paved "Court-yard of an Inn," with a group of characteristic figures in the foreground, like other pictures of the same kind by De Hooghe that have appeared here, is remarkable for its broad illumination, its pervading atmosphere, and the right relative value which every part bears to the rest. A more complicated effect of light and colour is rendered with consummate skill in the large interior, with many well-grouped and animated figures, called "A Music-Party," on the opposite wall. Nothing could be more true than the varied gradations of tone from the cool light of the garden in the background to the rich glow from the red-curtained window that suffuses the foreground figures. Near this hang two of Jan Steen's coarse and characteristic scenes of unrestrained Dutch debauchery, "A Merry-Making" and "A Wedding-Party." The latter is the more agreeable in colour, and the more firmly handled, but both are full of vivacity and movement.

A half-length portrait of "A Dutch Lady" with a serious and sympathetic expression on her face, by Ferdinand Bol, is marked by subdued harmony of tone and fine modelling of form. It is much like the early work of his master Rembrandt. The largest picture in the room is by Melchior de Hondecoeter, and represents two swans and some ducks at the edge of a pond. The birds are drawn and painted in masterly style, but the background is not in very good keeping with them, and looks like the work of another hand. Among the best of the very small things are Gerard Dow's highly wrought "Girl, with a Lighted Candle;" and a capital little picture of an old peasant leaning helplessly against a wall, with an expression of complacent satisfaction on his face, by Adrian Van Oostade. Hobbema's "Water-Mill," Ruysdael's large "Landscape," Van der Neer's "Dutch River Scene," and Berghem's "Landscape and Cattle," are good, but not first-rate examples of their respective styles.

The best work by Sir Joshua Reynolds in the exhibition hangs in the first room. It is the full length of "Dr. Ash," seated with a plan of the Birmingham General Hospital, which he founded, in his hand. The head is distinctly characterised, and the pose of the figure simple and dignified. The varied red tints in the Doctor's academic robes, the table cover, and the curtain behind, are of fine quality and most artistically arranged. Here, too, hangs Gainsborough's half-length of "The Hon. Mrs. Henry Fane"—an excellent example of his work, painted with light-hand dexterity, and showing his unsurpassed skill in investing his subjects with an air of refinement and cultivation. There is no attempt at idealisation in Sir Henry Raeburn's full length portrait of his wife. It represents with evident fidelity, and a great deal of artistic power, a lady of mature age comfortably seated with her arms folded on her lap. Wilkie's portrait of "W. Esdaile, Esq." has strongly marked individuality, and is painted in a broad, firm, and effective style, but the flesh tints are not of very fine quality, and the very bright colours in the background are rather distracting. Zoffany's picture of "David Garrick in the character of Lord Chalkstone," in which the great actor is seen as a feeble and very irritable old gentleman resting on a crutch stick, is full of vitality, and appears to be a faithful record of fact.

Of four admirable pictures by Turner, "Narcissus and Echo" seems to us the best. The ill-grouped figures in the foreground detract something from its value, but in harmony of composition, depth and subtle beauty of tone, and impressive solemnity of effect, he has seldom, if ever, surpassed it. The spacious view of "Linlithgow," suffused with misty morning light, is also a very fine example of his early work; and the "Ivy Bridge" and "Evening" are not greatly inferior to it. By Old Crome there is a small moorland scene, with a cloudy sky and a gleam of sunshine in the middle distance, more masterly in treatment and more true in effect than any of the numerous pictures by him at the Grosvenor. The most recent work in the exhibition is a small half figure of "Joan of Arc," with an expression of intense earnestness on her upturned face, holding a two-handed sword over the shoulder. It is by Alfred Stevens, the sculptor, and, like everything that he produced, bears evidence of careful study of the great Florentine masters.

JUBILEE PRESENTS.—An original painting—and not a copy as we inadvertently stated last week—by Giotto, of Christ bearing the Cross, was presented to Her Majesty as a Jubilee gift by Mr. John Morris-Moore, of Rome.—Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver, of Belfast, have presented to the Queen two dozen doyleys, woven of the finest yarn which has ever been put into the damask loom. Upon each doyley, photographed, as it were, into the linen, is delineated Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver's new warehouse erected in Donegall Place and Donegall Square North.





THE RELIGIOUS CEREMONY IN THE CRYPT, FARNBOROUGH



ARRIVAL OF THE PROCESSION FROM CHISLEHURST AT THE MAUSOLEUM, FARNBOROUGH

REMOVAL OF THE REMAINS OF NAPOLEON III. AND THE PRINCE IMPERIAL FROM CHISLEHURST TO THE NEW MAUSOLEUM AT FARNBOROUGH, HANTS





MR. ARCHIBALD MCNEILL  
Correspondent of the *Sportsman*  
Died at Boulogne, December, 1:87, aged 36



H. R. H. THE DUCHESS OF FLANDERS, SISTER TO THE  
KING OF ROUMANIA  
To whom the Forged Letters which caused the Recent Estrangement  
between Russia and Germany were alleged to have been written



MR. J. BLUNDELL MAPLE  
New Conservative M.P. for Dulwich



1. Old Gold Workings, Open Cutting, Gwynfynydd  
2. View from Gwynfynydd Mountain  
3. Entrance to Gold Mine, Gwynfynydd  
4. Gold Mill and Rhaiadr Mawddach  
5. Entrance to Gold Mine, Gwynfynydd

THE RECENT DISCOVERIES OF GOLD NEAR DOLGELLY, WALES





## THEATRES

MR. BUCHANAN'S *Partners* at the HAYMARKET might have been a better play if it had not been written with the paramount object of providing Mr. Beerbohm Tree with a character of overshadowing prominence. This very original and excellent actor is rather apt to forget that a study of character may in itself be admirable, and yet may have little influence on the success of a play which needs a story wherein the relations of the various personages awakens a genuine interest. Tried by this standard, *Partners* is sadly wanting. Heinrich Borgfeldt, as Mr. Tree portrays him, is a wealthy senior partner in a manufacturing firm. He is an elderly German, who talks an illiterate jargon, half German, half English, dresses in an eccentric fashion, conducts himself in an uncouth and strange manner, seems always ill at ease in his own drawing-room, and is decidedly not prepossessing. This odd, ungainly personage has married a wife who appears to be some forty years his junior, a frivolous and vapouring creature, who is always foolishly complaining of her husband's devotion to "business," and is almost openly carrying on a highly dangerous flirtation with her husband's junior partner, who is a married man. Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Tree seem to have thought that they could extract pathos out of the wrongs suffered by the elderly German at the hands of his highly unsuitable helpmeet. As a fact, their hero only excites contempt for his injudicious choice of a wife and his curious inability to detect the worthless nature of the lady, and the still more worthless nature of the man with whom she permits herself to be entangled, till her honour is only saved by the timely arrival on the scene of her little child at a critical moment. There are one or two strong situations in the play, notably that in which Borgfeldt, having discovered the intrigue and learnt that his partner has by his frauds and extravagance brought the firm to the brink of ruin, compels his wife to strip herself of her jewels, and even of her wedding-ring, as her contributions towards his desperate and final effort to save the credit of Borgfeldt and Co. This is borrowed from the novel of M. Daudet, to which Mr. Buchanan acknowledges himself, not without substantial grounds, to be indebted for numerous suggestions. It fails, however, to create any great impression, for nobody really cares much for so foolish a person. For similar reasons the *dénouement*, which is brought about by the discovery that Madame Borgfeldt has stopped short of downright faithlessness, and the final reconciliation of the ill-assorted couple, excite no enthusiasm. It is a pity to see so much clever acting bestowed on a piece of so little true interest. *Partners* is on the whole well played, and is liberally and tastefully mounted. Miss Marion Terry does not, indeed, succeed in making Madame Borgfeldt an interesting person, but that is more the fault of the play than of the actress. A highly finished sketch—tending, no doubt, a little to caricature—of an old retired actor, with a dash in his nature of Costigan, Micawber, and Mr. Crummles, is contributed by Mr. Brookfield. Also worthy of mention are Mr. Kemble, who plays a faithful old head-clerk in a grave, impressive fashion; Mr. L. Cutley, who makes the most of the odious junior partner; Miss Gertrude Kingston, who enacts, with rather painful truthfulness, a heartless woman of fashion; and Miss Minnie Terry, a little niece, we believe, of the Terry sisters, who plays the child part with singular grace and sincerity.

A certain freshness both in the characters and the dialogue of Mr. Hamilton Aide's new play, brought out at the HAYMARKET, on Wednesday afternoon, with the title of *Incognito*, had probably more to do with the highly favourable reception accorded to the piece than the mere interest of the story. *Incognito* is the history of a lady who, having supposed herself to be a widow for twenty years, is startled by the sudden reappearance of a scoundrel husband. In most situations of this sort on the stage the scoundrel persecutes by reasserting his marital rights. Mr. Aide's scoundrel only threatens to do this, besides revealing the lady's terrible secret to her youthful son, unless he is permitted to commit bigamy by marrying a young widow lady of fortune, who is actually sojourning in his wife's household. Need we say that the scoundrel is finally defeated? Before this point is arrived at, there are some exciting and dramatic situations arising from the conflicting motives and feelings of the leading personages; but there is nothing in all this which strikes the spectator as very new. The play was remarkably well acted by Miss Genevieve Ward as the wife, Mr. Beerbohm Tree as the wicked husband, and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree as the infatuated young widow, a very agreeable sketch of character. Mr. Sidney Brough as the son played also with a pleasing touch of youthful generosity, and in due season with a manly decisiveness equally pleasing. The little love-making scenes between him and Miss Emilie Grattan were thoroughly truthful and unaffected; Mr. Elwood also, in an incidental, yet important part, played with a grave earnestness which gave to his part a peculiar impressiveness. The Prince and Princess of Wales witnessed the performance, which was given for the benefit of the Actros' Benevolent Fund. A Miss Lamb, who made her debut on the same occasion in the part of Loyse, in *The Balladmonger*, created a very favourable impression. Miss Lamb, who has a good appearance, a pleasing and flexible voice, and a refined style, is more than likely to prove an acquisition to the stage.

The new edition of *Miss Esmeralda*, which, as will be remembered, ends with a regular "harlequinade," will now be played on Wednesdays and Saturdays only. It is the brightest and drollest of all the GAUITY burlesques, and is, moreover, absolutely free from every trace of vulgarity. The trio of Claude Frolo, Quasimodo, and Gringoire, as enacted respectively by Mr. Lonnen, Mr. Frank Thornton, and Mr. George Stone, afford a perfect feast of grotesque humour.

The subscriptions and benefit performances in aid of the fund for the sufferers by the burning of the GRAND Theatre have already reached a total of over one thousand pounds.

Mr. Charles Mossop's motion at the meeting of the Metropolitan Board of Works for entrusting all matters relating to theatres and music halls to a special, separate, and permanent committee, seems obviously an excellent one. It has, nevertheless, been negatived by that rather perverse body.

Mr. D'Oyly Carte took the chair at the annual meeting of the Actors' Benevolent Fund held on the stage of the LYCEUM on Friday in the present week.

The funeral of the late Mr. Chippendale—that admirable representative, in his time, of leading old-men parts—took place at Highgate Cemetery on Tuesday. Owing to the dense fog prevailing, the attendance of brother professionals, which was expected to be large, was much thinned. Mr. Chippendale is stated to have been in his eighty-seventh year, but was probably older, if we may trust Mr. Irving's public statement in connection with the Chippendale farewell benefit at the Lyceum, February, 1879. In this address Mr. Irving spoke of his old friend as having then been "sixty-eight years upon the stage."

Miss Graves's *Nitocris*, which "did so depress" a recent *matinée* audience at DRURY LANE is, it appears, to have a new trial, and is even to be promoted by Mr. Augustus Harris to the evening bill of that house when the pantomime is at an end. It has been, we are assured, improved, and there are to be great scenic effects.

Mr. Irving and his company spent their Christmas in the United States in a special train of Pullman cars, bound for the West.

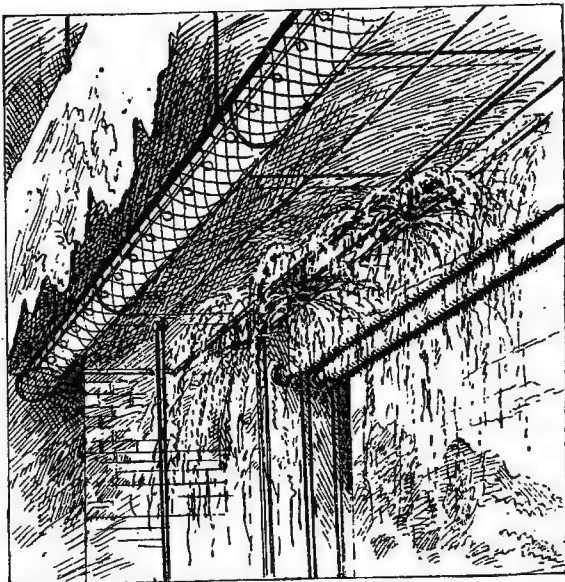
Mrs. Bernard Beere, whose affection for scenes in which the heroine dies after protracted agonies, is probably only a concession to the prevailing curious demand for that kind of thing, is going to appear at *matinées* in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*. Two dreadful deaths a day seem too much for one actress.

Miss Mary Anderson, whose dual performance in *The Winter's Tale* seems endowed with an inexhaustible popularity, will leave us next summer. She is due to appear at WALLACK'S Theatre, New York, under the new manager, Mr. Abbey, early in November next.

## FIRES IN THEATRES

### II.

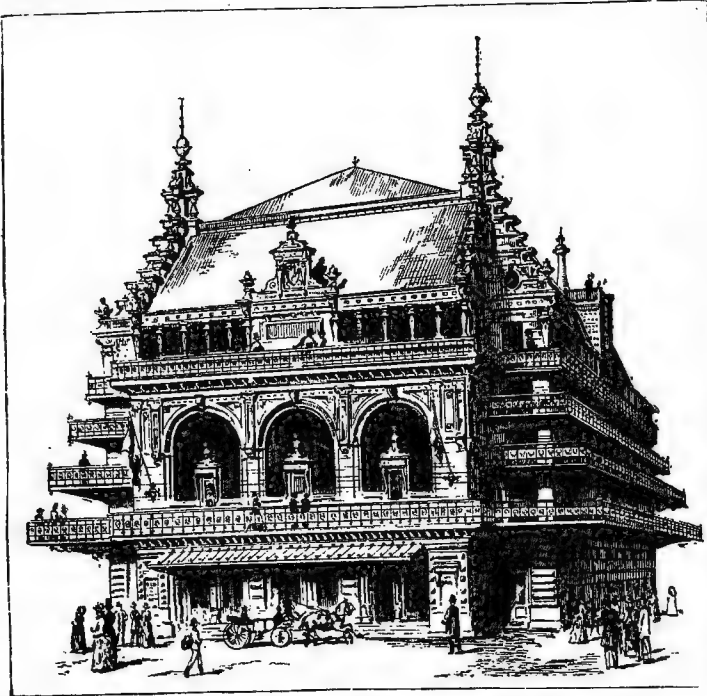
To turn, however, to what has actually been done towards making theatrical buildings as safe as theory can make them we may mention the latest addition to the rapidly-increasing number of London places of amusement—Terry's Theatre in the Strand. This building is vouched for as being absolutely fireproof. Wood has scarcely been used, but concrete, or other non-inflammable material. All scenery and stage properties have been coated with fireproof



SPRINKLERS AT TERRY'S THEATRE

paint. The division wall between the stage and auditorium has been carried from the foundation of the building through the roof, and twenty feet above it; the roof and the stage cellars are dominated by a series of sprinklers, which, by the turning of a tap at the stage-door, deluge the entire place. The electric light is everywhere; while, instead of a cumbersome, slow-lifting iron screen, we have a light asbestos curtain, which is stated to be utterly incombustible. There are two exits from every part of the house. But perhaps the most novel improvement is a newly-patented lock with which all the doors are fitted. This marvellous piece of mechanism, which from the outside is as impervious as an ordinary lock, can, it is averred, be opened from the inside by a child. It is independent of attendants, and requires no keys, since a push from the shoulder opens any door in the house.

Abroad, no less than at home, the construction of theatres has been taken into serious consideration, and a considerable number of the suggestions of the English architect have been carried into effect in the new Flemish Theatre at Brussels, which was recently opened. At the theatre in question, there are external balconies for all the upper floors, and while the theatre itself will accommodate about thirteen hundred people, the balconies will hold still more, and are built overhanging one another, so that in a panic



NEW FLEMISH THEATRE AT BRUSSELS

the spectators could leap from the higher to the lower, and so reach the street in safety. Special flights of stairs, entirely separated from each other, conduct to every storey, while a bridge for the use of the firemen is constructed across the roofings to serve as an observatory for the immediate discovery of fire, and for circumscribing it at once as much as possible.

The Palais Royal Theatre, also formerly one of the most dangerous theatres in Paris, may be said to have been almost entirely rebuilt, so numerous are the structural alterations and improvements which have been effected in it. It has no fewer than five extraneous balconies, four of which run the entire length of the house, with ample staircase accommodation from one to the other, that portion of the lowest flight which folds up, and forms a sort of verandah over one of the entrances, being capable of being lowered at a few

seconds' notice in case of emergency. There is also a further large exit, with means of escape over the roof, for the occupants of the third gallery.



PALAIS ROYAL THEATRE

The Théâtre Français has spent upwards of 4,000*l.* in opening out new exits, forming a central passage through the house, and providing an iron curtain. Other Paris theatres have followed suit in a greater or lesser degree. "The well-known *Génie Civil* (says the *Builder*) recommends the adoption of flock silk instead of canvas for scenery. This material is somewhat more expensive than canvas, but possesses in return the advantage of being more durable, and burning slower, almost like tinder."

It further states that the Theatrical Committee, appointed in Paris after the Opéra Comique disaster, applied to a Dr. Gehring, an engineer, inviting him to furnish particulars of the theatrical scenery invented by him; and patented some years ago. Dr. Gehring's scenery is made of metallic and semi-metallic wire netting, which may be painted on with the same facility as canvas, whilst being incombustible. Even under the greatest heat the material only glows and becomes charred. The Committee has since decided upon recommending the material for the scenery at the new Opéra Comique.

The Opera House at Frankfort-on-Main is an example which might wisely be followed. The house possesses a special fire brigade. The exits from every part of it are numerous, and lead to stone staircases, besides which, the house is divided, so to speak, into two halves, with entrances from west and east doors. To give still further security, iron ladders lead from the gallery to a verandah about the height of the first floor, so that people can easily be rescued. The scenery is kept in an extra house connected with the theatre by an underground passage.

At Berlin, also, the Friedrich Wilhelmstadt Theatre, being quite a new building, deserves special mention. From the gallery two broad concrete staircases lead to the ground floor, beside which, the gallery people may, through numerous unlatched windows opening outwards, descend by means of iron ladders into the garden below. From the stalls five specially constructed doors lead directly into the gardens, besides the two ordinary doors opening on the *foyer*. The scenery and woodwork of the theatre are impregnated with a composition which renders them incombustible. There is, in addition, an iron curtain, while oil lamps are lighted in all corridors, passages, and rooms, in case of accident to the gas supply.

But, when all has been said and done, there is one great lesson which has been taught again and again, in a greater or lesser degree, by nearly every theatrical catastrophe which has horrified the world from time to time, and ought never to be forgotten by all whom it may concern. The lesson is that of incessant and unsleeping vigilance on the part of every one concerned in the management or working details of places of amusement. Of the consequences which may result from a lack of this ever-needed vigilance, the Vienna disaster furnishes the most lamentable example. Here was a theatre that was already fitted with a number of those extra appliances and adjuncts which we are now crying out that every place of amusement should be compelled to adopt. Mark what happened.

The iron curtain was not lowered, the fireman stating afterwards that the machinery was too hot to work. The large water-tank in the roof, by means of which the house could be flooded at a moment's notice, was forgotten. The oil lamps which were supplied all over the building on this occasion had not been lighted, so that when the gas was turned off, to avoid an explosion, the audience were left to grope their way to the doors in utter darkness. Add to this that the special exits were locked, and that the attendants who had the keys could not be found; while the telegraphic fire-alarm to the central station, like the tank, was clean forgotten, and we have a state of things presented to us almost too incredible for belief.

It may be added, for the information of those who have forgotten, that on this occasion between four and five hundred people lost their lives.

In conclusion, we would briefly remark that if in the course of bringing together the foregoing evidence, and setting it before our readers, one point more than another has impressed itself upon our mind, it is the absolute necessity which exists for an entirely new and improved method of supervision over all places of amusement, both in London and the provinces. Let science and invention do all that in them lies to render both buildings and their contents fireproof, and accidents involving loss of life seem an impossibility—yet, without constant and competent supervision from without, there can be no guarantee of safety.

For our part, we strongly advocate the appointment of properly qualified Government inspectors, whose *sole duty* it should be to visit and thoroughly overhaul every place of amusement within the Metropolitan district at least *once every month*—often if deemed requisite in special cases. The visits of such inspectors should be at irregular intervals, as often when the theatres and music-halls were full as when they were empty, and in no case should there be previous notice to the management when to expect them. In each case the inspector should have a printed list of questions to be answered in detail, which he would be at liberty to supplement with any remarks of his own. These lists should be carefully examined by some duly constituted authority day by day as sent in, and, where requisite, immediate action should be taken. The reports would, of course, be filed for subsequent reference in case of need. A short Act of Parliament might be passed rendering it compulsory that all provincial places of amusement should be subject to similar inspection by officers having their headquarters in London, copies of whose reports should be sent to the local authorities, who should, in return, report thereon, wherever there was an oversight or an abuse to be remedied, to the chief officials in London.

T. W. S.



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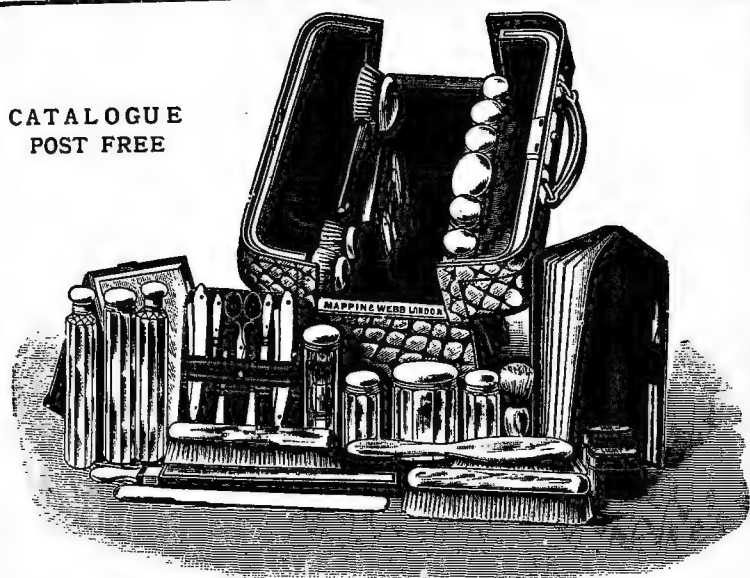
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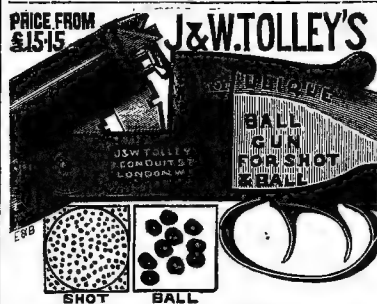
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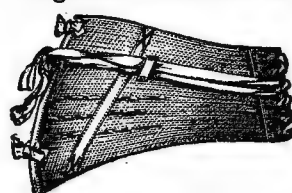
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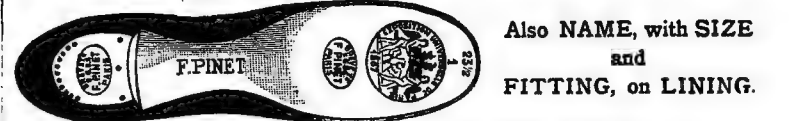
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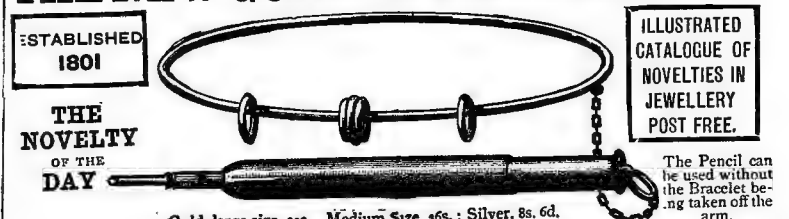
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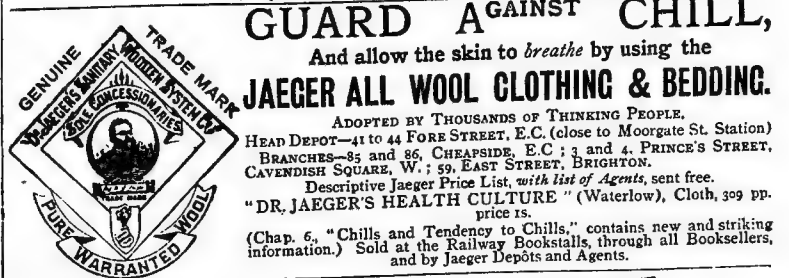
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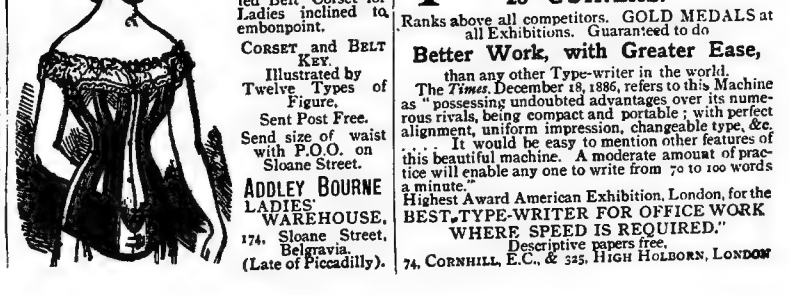
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G. SCUDAMORE, Secretary.





THE MYSTERY OF MIRBRIDGE

AUTHOR OF "BY PROXY," "UNDER ONE ROOF," &C., &C.

## THE FIRST WELCOME

The Baronet, as we know, had only just reached middle life ; or—since this term always varies with the age of those who use it—let us say he was still considerably on the right side of fifty ; he looked however, much older, though, curiously enough, this was not owing to the usual signs of age. His hair was still plentiful, and though it had lost the wave which had crested it in youth—a much more becoming attribute than the short curl—it showed not one tinge of grey. His figure, as he now and then stood up to scan the once familiar landscape, was straight and slim as a pine ; indeed, its slighness spoke of delicacy of health ; his eyes, too, roved from object to object with a brightness that had it belonged to youth itself might have been thought excessive. On the other hand, his face, which was otherwise a very handsome one, was deeply lined ; there were sunken lanes leading to the corners of his mouth, and dark caverns under his eyes. The ungloved fingers with which he steadied himself when he stood up were thin and shrunk. His face expressed anxiety, almost apprehension. When he smiled, his face was very attractive ; it was easy to believe that at one time it would have been difficult for a woman of sensibility, or even sense, to have resisted its fascination ; but he very seldom smiled. His voice was naturally melodious, but it had acquired that tone of impatience and irritation which belongs to the invalid. Sir Richard had hinted in his letter to the Rector of his wife's nerves being unstrung, but the

"Just so," observed his father, as if in excuse for his own lack of

In his emotion he had spoken in his native tongue; she broke in with a terrified "Hush, hush," then, after a struggle with her tears, she said, "Pray, pray, do not speak of that. Think of it as forgotten."



"By me, but never, never by others."

"Tush, others have other things to think about."

"Not here; that is your error. Where few events happen, they loom largely in men's eyes and are remembered. Every step you take here will be on dangerous ground. Your dear mother knew it, even when she counselled our return for Hugh's sake."

"I suppose she was right," he answered, thoughtfully, "but I am sorry he is to be with us."

"Why? No danger can arise from that source; for, thank Heaven, he knows nothing, and can therefore tell nothing."

"I was thinking of quite other dangers; he will have so much idle time on his hands here. When I look at him I seem to see myself again, as I was twenty years ago."

"He will have a mother to watch over him," observed Lady Trevor.

"So had I," was the bitter rejoinder.

"But not such a one as he will have; your mother was an angel, Richard; ignorant herself of evil, she knew nothing of its existence in others. She lived as though she were in Heaven already, and dreamt that all around her were like herself."

"Poor soul, she had a sad awakening," sighed Sir Richard.

"That, at all events, will not be my case. If I fail to guard Hugh from himself, it will not be through want of knowledge."

Sir Richard shook his head. "You think too much of the lad, Nannie; I trust you will never find, as my mother did, that her idol had feet of clay."

"She found it so with both her idols, Richard."

There was a long pause. Sir Richard's eyes roved around him unceasingly on hill and stream, and those of his wife followed their every glance. She well knew with what his thoughts were busy. Presently she repeated, very softly, those tender lines of reminiscence with which the Laureate has made us all familiar—

All along the valley, where thy waters flow  
I walked with one I loved two-and-twenty years ago,  
All along the valley, which I walked to-day,  
The two-and-twenty years were mist that rolls away.

"True," he murmured, "all things here are as though it were yesterday; the difference is in myself. It is another man who is beholding them. Oh! to have one's youth again, even for an hour."

"An idle wish, Richard; as vain as that which would evoke the dead from their graves. You are not the only one who would recall the past," she replied.

"But you, at least, Nannie, have a future. For me, life is not only a pathway which it is impossible to retrace, but leads after a few more steps to the grave."

"Heaven grant that your forebodings may not be realised, Richard," answered Lady Trevor, in a voice she strove in vain to free from tears; "think what I have to suffer, and yet not to seem to suffer, and for my sake forbear to dwell upon them."

More than once as the carriage and four toiled up the long, steep hill, it had been met by some country wayfarer on foot, who had tugged his forelock in homage to the rank and wealth which the equipage seemed to indicate; each, no doubt, had pictured its two inmates not only in the lap of luxury, but in the seventh heaven of happiness, without a care in the world that could be called such, and gone on his way with a sigh of envy. Whether these passers-by knew who this pair were or not, they gave no sign of recognition; but presently Sir Richard met with his first welcome.

The panting horses were resting on a little plateau of road, after an ascent more sharp and steep than usual, just as a light cart coming downhill at a great pace arrived at the same place; the shaggy but sure-footed pony that drew it was violently pulled up by its driver so close to the more aristocratic vehicle that a comparison—unfavourable to the cart—could hardly fail to be drawn between them. The fact of its being upon wheels was indeed the only claim to its title of vehicle at all. It seemed to be made up of half-a-dozen boards carelessly nailed together, with a loose board placed from side to side by way of seat; the shafts both bore signs of fracture, and were mended by rope, and the reins themselves were of the same material. The driver was a surly fellow, of unwholesome appearance, though there still hung about him the remains of good looks; he was in reality scarcely fifty, but he looked fully ten years older, the result of a hard and fast life which would have exhausted any ordinary constitution. He had a reckless air, which his headgear—a billycock hat worn very much on one side, and ornamented with a black clay pipe stuck in its band—was not calculated to mitigate; he wore a fustian suit terminated by a pair of patched boots, with about the same proportion of leather to the nails in it as there is of wood to iron in an ironclad.

"Glad to see you back, Sir Richard," he said gruffly enough, and even with a certain air of intentional disrespect; then added, in a tone which was designed to be more courteous, "and her ladyship too."

"Thank you, Jack," replied the Baronet, cheerfully, "by your face being set the other way, I am afraid we are not to see you in the tent presently."

"Not I! Your wittles and drink would suit me down to the ground no doubt, Sir Richard, but not your company. There will be too many there as has got a grudge against me, either for fur or feathers, for me to join them."

"I should have thought you had now no need to run such risks," observed Sir Richard severely.

"Well, perhaps not, but what's bred in the bone, you know, will come out in the meat; I believe if I had as big a preserve as you have, Sir Richard, I should not be able to keep within my own boundaries. That was your son, I suppose, as I just met on the hill; a handsome well set-up young gentleman enough, though I don't see no likeness in him to his father, nor yet to his mother," added the speaker, with a very bold and searching glance at her ladyship.

"For heaven's sake, let us drive on," said Lady Trevor in the French tongue; "another minute of this and I shall lose my senses."

Mr. Jack Beeton, basket-maker and poacher, had many gifts, but the knowledge of foreign languages was denied him; it was, indeed, the very first time in his life that he had ever heard any tongue spoken save his own, and it filled him with pleased amazement.

"Lord a' mercy, is that how she talks?" he exclaimed, admiringly.

"Now what, if I may make so bold, may she be saying?"

"She has noticed your pipe in your cap, and wonders whether it is for you that I have brought a certain parcel of tobacco from London that I spoke to her about; and, as it happens, it is for you; and if you'll look in at the Court to-morrow you shall have it.—Go on, boys."

The carriage started instantly, leaving the occupant of the cart to stare after it with a frowning brow.

"I'm hanged if I believe she said one word about tobacco," he remarked, muttering. "She's a proud devil as ever I set eyes on, and she didn't like my being so free with Sir Richard, that was it; but I did it o' purpose; I was not going to let him suppose that that hundred pounds to the old man—he was a fool to take less than a thousand—and his beggarly pound a week to me has made up for the disgrace he has brought upon my family; why if he made it a weekly fiver the obligation would still be on his side; however, gee up, oss—I'll go to-morrow and get the bacca."

There was silence between the occupants of the carriage for several minutes. Lady Trevor lay back with closed eyes, and pale to the very lips, like one in a swoon.

"It must have been a terrible trial to you," said her husband

pitily; "but, after all, it's just as well to have met him, and got it over."

The observation, if it had been made to rouse her, had fulfilled its purpose.

"Got it over," she echoed bitterly; "and you have asked him to come to the Court to-morrow!"

"I did it designedly," was the quiet reply. "It would never do to let Jack Beeton imagine that I shrank from meeting him. Unless you wish it, he need not, of course, see you; you will act your part as it suits you. If it is more difficult than mine, you have, on the other hand, more tact and better wits to play it; as for me, I must grasp my nettles."

"Pardon me, Richard, you are quite right; if you have shown imprudence to-day, I have shown cowardice—which is worse: it shall not happen again. I am thankful at least for one thing, that dear Hugh was not with us."

"True; he would have resented Jack's manner without doubt; knocked his hat off, pipe and all, most likely, and then there would have been a deuce of a row."

A smile flitted across the Baronet's face as he spoke, which he put up his hand to conceal. There was an element of coarse humour about him that was in strong contrast to his other characteristics. "It is also a matter of congratulation that I wrote to the parson to decline the deputation; you would not now have had the nerve for such a thing."

"On the contrary, I should have been quite prepared for it. After what has happened all other ordeals sink into insignificance: it was the meeting which I dreaded most of all; and since for to-day at least I am safe from a repetition of it, I feel as if I had nothing to fear."

She threw back her veil with a certain air of defiance, though it showed a face deadly pale, and glanced boldly around her. Her expression might now have been taken—though, indeed, it was far from being so—by those who knew who and what she was, to be one of pride; for, from the top of the hill which they had now reached, so far as the eye could see—copse, field, and farm, with the stately towers of Mirbridge Court dominating the whole scene—all belonged to her husband, and would revert by an immutable law to her son.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### A NEW ACQUAINTANCE

"WHAT do you say to a walk this morning, Lucy?" inquired Clara Thorne, when her sister re-appeared in the breakfast-room, work-box in hand, a sign that her housekeeping duties had been accomplished.

"I should like it of all things."

"I am afraid, however, since you are only a convalescent, that the Bridge Hill will be beyond your powers."

"But why should it be to the Bridge Hill? Oh, I see,"—for the lovely complexion of the Duchess had suddenly become roseate, as though a strawberry had been mingled with its cream—"you wish to have the first look at the new arrivals."

"I confess that I am very anxious to see what they are like," was the frank reply; to have concealed her intention from her sister would have been impossible; and, to do her justice, it never entered into her mind to attempt it. Among other historical parallels, Clara was sometimes likened by her father to the great Napoleon, but this was only in regard to his wide and imperial views; she had none of his petty ways and small deceptions. "I had rather trust my own impression than dear papa's description of them; if Lady Trevor is as pretty as she is said to be, we know what his judgment on her, for example, will be beforehand. Men are all alike in that way; women are not so easily led away by good looks."

"The good looks of their own sex, you mean," said Lucy laughing.

"Indeed, I make no such exception. 'What does it matter to us, after the first few minutes, whether a man is plain or good-looking? I have read somewhere of a very ugly, but very agreeable fellow, who used to boast that, as regarded pleasing us, he was only a quarter of an hour behind the handsomest man in England; and it was a very just remark.'

"That quarter of an hour may, however, be fatal if, as I too have read somewhere," observed Lucy demurely, "there is such a thing as love at first sight."

"There is such a thing, no doubt, my dear," answered Clara laughing. "It is called 'calf-love,' because I notice men generally entertain it for women old enough to be their mothers."

It was plain, from the speaker's age, that she herself could have done no execution in that way; yet her tone had all the confidence which comes from personal experience. It had, however, none of that patronage which is commonly bestowed upon a younger sister; but, on the contrary, was full of good nature and high spirits—a circumstance that emboldened Lucy to make more free with her Grace than usual.

"I must confess, my dear Clara," she said slyly, "that supposing, of course, no harm should come of it, I should dearly like to see you head over ears in love with a Detrimental."

"Then there is one pleasure in life, my dear, which you may make up your mind you will never experience; for, even if I could afford it—which is quite out of the question—"

"Perhaps as a well-jointed widow," put in Lucy.

"Be so good as to put on your things, Miss."

She did not speak crossly, but just a little curtly—much as a noble St. Bernard, who has borne patiently the gambols and yappings of an Italian greyhound, at last utters his deep-throated veto. With a movement of her pretty lips (for which the French only have found a name) significant of exaggerated alarm—but like the "Oh dear, I am so frightened" of the schoolboy, with something of reality about it, too—Lucy hastened away to dress.

Their way lay through the garden, at the end of which was a wicket gate that opened on a hill path, by which the ascent was greatly lessened. The sun was at this time high in the heavens, and made the face of Nature still more glorious; the moss-covered boulders gleamed with golden dew; the beck sparkled as it sang on its way to join the Mir; and the spring flowers filled the air with an incense which no white-robed choristers "swinging their censers and making a smell" can rival. It was a day for the "the Canopists"—that large and growing sect who prefer the canopy of Heaven to a cathedral roof for their devotional exercises.

"I do think our garden is the prettiest in the world," exclaimed Lucy ecstatically. "There is so much of nature in it, and so little of art, that it might be the Garden of Eden."

"There is one resemblance, at all events," observed Clara: "we are liable to be turned out of it at any moment; though, indeed, for no fault of our own."

"Oh! Clara, how can you think of such things—if, as I suppose, you refer to what would take place if anything should happen to dear papa!"

"Do you imagine he does not think of it himself?"

"No, indeed. I know that he does; and it is very sad that he should make himself so miserable on our account. For my part, I shut such dreadful things out of my mind. Not only as regards dear papa, but even the garden. Those lines about it in 'In Memoriam' always make me cry."

Unwatched the garden bough shall sway,  
The tender blossom flutter down,  
Unwatched this beech shall gather brown,  
That maple burn itself away;

Till from the garden and the wild  
A fresh association flow,  
And year by year the landscape grow  
Familiar to the stranger's child.

I confess I don't like that 'stranger's child,' though after all it is how the poor Spensers think of us."

"You need not call them poor," returned Clara, drily; "Mr. Spenser left Mirbridge because he was given a better living, and I only wish papa could do the same."

"What? You would leave Mirbridge and our garden for the sake of a few extra pounds a year?"

"I did not say *that*. I have my little sentimental preferences like other people; but my views would be materially influenced by a few extra hundred pounds per annum. My requirements are modest. I am not like Sir Robert Walpole's female Aristides, who would not take gold, but only diamonds; but I have my price."

"Really, Clara, I sometimes think you ought to be a man instead of a woman."

"A reflection I have often made myself, my dear," was the quiet reply; "as it is, I must fight my battle—and yours, my pretty one," here she touched her sister's cheek in loving patronage, "as well as a poor woman may."

"I hope there will be as little need for your fighting for me as against me, Clara," returned Lucy, to whom this sort of talk gave a sense of discomfort, if not of displeasure.

"Against you? Heaven forbid, my little one;" a smile which implied not only incredulity, but the absurdity of so unequal a contest, accompanied her words. "Not that you have not weapons of your own, my dear," she added apologetically, for the colour had come into Lucy's cheek, "and capable too of great execution, I do not doubt—I only mean that I have courage enough for the two of us."

It was true enough; no Amazon—though Clara Thorne was very unlike an Amazon—was ever more courageous. There was excitement, if not the light of battle in her eye, as she spoke; she looked for the moment less like Juno than Minerva.

Presently, as they paused for breath at a corner of the hill, where a seat was placed for common use, "I wonder," observed Clara, thoughtfully, "what Hugh will be like?"

"Hugh? Do you mean Mr. Hugh Trevor?"

"Of course I do. As our much too funny young doctor would say, 'Who else could I mean?'"

"That reminds me," cried Lucy, in accents of dismay, "that Mr. Wood was to call to see me this morning with his stethoscope."

"I'm very glad you've missed him," was the unsympathising reply. "A man that would make a pun, says Dr. Johnson, would pick a pocket, and we know that this man does both. Moreover, I have a suspicion that he is not so solicitous about any affection of your lungs, my dear, as of your heart."

"My dear Clara, how can you be so ridiculous! I mean"—for Clara had drawn herself up, which was a storm signal—"how can you possibly impute such a motive to Dr. Wood? He never calls at the Rectory except at papa's request, and he is coming to-day to make what he calls a diagnosis."

"Well, I have told you my diagnosis of him. It's my belief that the stethoscope has made more fortunes for the doctors—by marriage—than any other scientific discovery."

"Mr. Wood would not make his fortune by marrying me," said Lucy, laughing.

"His views, like mine, may be modest," observed Clara, with a humour that sat strangely on her stately face: it was evident that whatever suspicion she might attach to Mr. Wood's intentions, she had not much apprehension of their success.

Presently they reached the summit of the hill, where their path joined the highway. Lucy gazed around in all directions upon the beauties of a panorama that seemed ever new to her, and indeed she had not looked at them since they were clothed with the gorgeous robes of autumn. Clara kept her eyes fixed upon the west, where the road zigzagged down the steep for a mile or more into a fertile valley.

"This glorious spot," said Lucy, "always reminds me of some hill in an allegory. On one side of it there seems to be the world at large, on the other only our own little domain of Mirbridge."

"Unhappily it is not our domain," observed the other, "but Sir Richard's. Come—there they are," she cried excitedly, "we have arrived in the very nick of time."

Lucy's eyes followed the direction of her sister's hand which held an opera glass, and perceived some insignificant object crawling up the ascent at a great distance. "I see nothing save what looks like a fly on the window pane."

"It is not, however (as your medical adviser would remark), a fly, but a travelling carriage with four horses; a very charming addition to my mind to any landscape."

"I like them in the pictorial advertisements of the inns in *Brabant*, where carriages and four are always dashing up to the doors," rejoined Lucy laughing, "but I don't know that I have ever seen one in a real landscape before; and indeed," she added plaintively, "I have not yet seen this one."

"You shall have the glass directly, as soon as I've made a reconnaissance of her ladyship."

"Sarvant, ladies," exclaimed a gruff sharp voice, which startled both the sisters not a little.

It was that of Mr. Jack Beeton, in his light cart, which, driven on the turf that formed a broad margin on both sides the road, had come up without attracting their attention. "Glad to see you out again, Miss Lucy."

"Thank you, Mr. Beeton, I am quite well now."

"And as to Miss Clara I needn't ask. Come to have a look at the new comers, eh?" he added slyly, his sharp eye detecting the object on which her gaze had been fixed. "Would you mind my having a squint through them glasses, Miss? Well, well, it don't matter"—for Clara's look and manner were eloquent of dissent—"I shall be face to face wi' em in five minutes," and with a flourish of his whip, he started at a gallop down the hill.

"That is the most bearish creature in all Mirbridge," ejaculated Clara. "The idea of that man of all men being the first to meet them!"

"He is not a specimen that papa would have selected out of his whole flock no doubt; a black sheep, in fact, I am afraid we must call him; still, I confess I have rather a sneaking liking for poor Jack."

"May I ask why?" inquired Clara, with so little of interest in her tone, however, that it seemed probable she only did so to delay the surrender of her opera glass through which she was still gazing with eager intentness.

"Well, in the first place, he sings so well."

"He is not in the choir."

"Certainly not," laughed Lucy; "I've only heard him in the open air."

For here's good luck to poaching  
Which I do think is fair  
Good luck to every gentleman  
Who wants to buy a hare,  
Bad luck to every gamekeeper  
Who will not sell his deer  
For 'tis my delight on a shiny night  
In the season of the year.

The girl sang very sweetly, and, if not with so much vigour as the robust vocalist she was imitating, as clearly as the lark. She had finished, when a voice from the hill-side near them repeated, in harmonious accents, the refrain of the song:—



For 'tis my delight on a shiny night  
In the season of the year.

It was the young gentleman from the travelling carriage who had overstepped his mark, and climbed higher than he had had need to do. Lucy coloured to her ear tips and wished she had a veil to drop. She could hardly understand where this human echo had come from, but Clara took in the whole situation at a glance.

"A thousand pardons," exclaimed the stranger, removing his wide-awake, and in apologetic tones, "but I could not resist playing the part of chorus to my favourite ballad. You need not be ashamed of it, young lady," he added, addressing himself to the embarrassed Lucy, "for the Lord Chief Justice himself sang it to the Bar mess only last circuit."

"Still," observed Clara, with a smile that mitigated the stiffness of her tone, "my sister feels that it is hardly a ditty for a daughter of the rector of the parish to be caught singing on the high road in the hearing of a stranger."

"A stranger!" exclaimed the young fellow quickly, "but that I can hardly be called—or need not be called again—if, as I understand, I am so fortunate as to be addressing Mr. Thorne's daughters. My name is Trevor. I left my father and mother in the carriage yonder, and ran on on foot."

Clara looked the personification of majestic surprise at this superfluous introduction: Lucy on the other hand, felt more embarrassed than ever; that it should have been the Squire's son who had caught her singing "The Poacher" seemed to her only to add to the seriousness of the catastrophe. As if he understood something of this—for it seemed hardly possible that, other things being equal, he should have thus far neglected the Duchess—the young gentleman applied himself to cover Lucy's confusion.

"There is nothing like our English ballad," he said, "except a Scotch one, to give one an idea of country life. In London, especially at this time of year, when we all pine for the woods and fields, there are no songs so popular in the concert-room; for my part, I assure you you could not have given me—however unintentionally—a more agreeable welcome home."

"That reminds me that we must be going home ourselves, Lucy," remarked Clara. The carriage, she calculated, must very soon make its appearance, and she had her reasons for not being found by Sir Richard and his wife in possession, as it were, of their son and heir. The sisters slightly inclined their heads in sign of leave-taking.

"But is not your way my way, ladies?" pleaded the young fellow. "Please to remember I don't know the road home as you do."

"We are going by a short cut," observed Clara, moving as she spoke towards the footpath.

"Then by all means let me take the short cut too."

"We are not in a position to prevent you," answered Clara, smiling, "since it is not a private road."

"If ever I have a 'right of way' case, I shall think of this," murmured the young gentleman, "it will give me the eloquence of a Hampden."

"Suppose, however, that your services should be engaged not by the trespassers, but by the landowner?"

"Then I should throw up the case: I am all for trespassers and poachers."

He laid a stress upon the last word, and with a sly smile threw it as it were—as one throws a soft ball at a child—at the silent Lucy. A frown flitted across Clara's majestic brow: if a ball was to be thrown it was to her, she thought, that it ought to have come, and not to her sister.

"There is your carriage, Mr. Trevor," she observed gravely, "will not your mother be anxious at not finding you on the road? We have heard that she is rather nervous."

"She will not be nervous about me," he answered with a laugh that was not, however, without a tinge of bitterness. "I have been accustomed to find my way about—and alone—for a good many years."

Neither the observation nor the tone in which it was uttered escaped Clara's notice, but she made no reply; her attention was fixed upon the travelling carriage which had now come fully into view, though they themselves (being on a winding path on the hill-side) were unperceived by its inmates. Her eyes instinctively turned to Lady Trevor. Her ladyship's veil was thrown back, and she was gazing eagerly in the direction of her new home, which Sir Richard seemed to be pointing out to her, as they rapidly descended towards the village.

"How charmingly young your mother looks, Mr. Trevor!" observed Clara, as they pursued their way.

"Yes; she is indeed a miracle."

"Who would ever suppose that you could be her son? You are very unlike one another."

"True; it is my brother, and not I, who inherits, among other things, her good looks," he answered, laughing.

"Clara was thinking of Lady Trevor's complexion," put in Lucy quickly, "she is a brunette, whereas you—" here she hesitated and blushed.

"I am a blonde, am I? Well, I have been called all sorts of things, but I have never before been called a blonde," and again he laughed, this time with great enjoyment.

"It is part of your profession as a barrister to put words into other peoples' mouths for them," observed Clara drily. "Have you had much practice?"

"Practice? What a cruel question! Is not your sister cruel to me?" he inquired of Lucy.

Mr. Trevor had shown her a marked attention, which her sister had as plainly resented, as though it were her own proper due: and Lucy had thought this hard. There fell upon her a great temptation. She had it on the tip of her tongue to reply, "Clara is only cruel to be kind," but she restrained herself. "My sister," she said, "has a right to cross-examine a witness who has shown himself contumacious."

"Very good; only, mind, I am not going to criminate myself."

"You have done it already, sir," cried Clara, with a judicial air.

"How so?"

"Well, you are here at this moment under false pretences. You would have had us believe you couldn't find your way to your own house, though it lies yonder as plainly to be seen as the church tower: and you are an Englishman, when we expected to find you were half a Frenchman."

"You were at least expecting me then?" smiled the young fellow, with a glance at Lucy.

"Not at all, sir," protested Clara, "only curious about you, like our neighbours; indeed it seems more strange to those of them who had known your father in other days, than to us, that they should be in such ignorance concerning you all."

"That is natural enough," admitted the young fellow, "there is no reason that I know of why their curiosity should not be gratified. As for me—the blonde—you will judge for yourselves. My father, though there is nothing serious the matter with him I trust, is in ill-health, and has returned to Mirbridge in hopes that his native air may do something for him. My mother, who is not at all nervous, by the bye—or at all events you have been the first to tell me of it—is, as you have been rightly informed, a Frenchwoman. Her maiden name was Nanette Langlet—*Voilà tout*."

"But you have a brother, have you not?"

"True; for the moment I was thinking only of the three of us who have arrived. Oh yes, I have without doubt, a brother; he will join us, however, in a day or two. It will be better—and, indeed, I know he would prefer it—to let him speak for himself."

(To be continued)



MR. H. R. FOX BOURNE'S "English Newspapers: Chapters in the History of Journalism" (2 vols.: Chatto and Windus) is the best book on the subject which has yet appeared. It has not indeed many rivals to compete with, for there have hitherto been practically only three books dealing with the history of journalism: "The Fourth Estate," by Knight Hunt, "The History of British Journalism," by Alexander Andrews, and "The Newspaper Press," the more recent work of the late James Grant. Mr. Fox Bourne's book is distinctly better than any of these. It is more accurate, and at the same time more philosophical; for he endeavours to show how newspapers have influenced the general progress of society, sometimes hindering as well as helping it. With this object in view, Mr. Fox Bourne begins his story in the year 1621 with the old news-writers, and the "Diurnals" and "Mercuries" of the period of the Civil War. Those pioneers of journalism, Marchmont Nedham, Nathaniel Butter, and John Birkenhead are dealt with at length, as is Milton's connection with the Press. We cannot find, however, that Mr. Fox Bourne gives any account of the "Mercurius Civicus," published in 1643, which should certainly take a prominent place among the other "Mercuries" as the earliest illustrated paper published in England. The first volume brings us to 1820, and seeing that the development of journalism during the last seventy years has been much more rapid than during the previous two hundred, this division of the subject is by no means disproportionate. Nowhere has the early history of the Press in England been treated with such fulness and accuracy as in the first volume of this book. The journalistic work of Addison and Steele, the early history of Parliamentary reporting, Wilkes, "Junius," and the Woodfalls, James Perry, the *Morning Post* under Daniel Stuart, the *Examiner* under Leigh Hunt—of all this Mr. Fox Bourne writes with clearness and discretion, and though he acknowledges that he is a strong Radical, in no case does it appear that party bias has influenced his judgment. The second volume deals with the newspapers of our own time and their immediate predecessors; and here naturally Mr. Fox Bourne cannot write with so free a hand. He has done his work, however, with judgment, and we detect scarcely any inaccuracies in places where inaccuracy would be pardonable. The second volume will probably be of more general interest than the first. There is much in it that will be quite new to the public, and Mr. Fox Bourne has been happy in choosing the mean between personal gossip and dry facts. His volumes are a solid and valuable contribution to the history of a great profession still in its childhood, and the nature of whose future can yet scarcely be foretold.

With the publication of "The Bastille," by Captain the Hon. D. Bingham (2 vols.: Chapman and Hall), another myth is extinguished, and goes the way of other cherished popular beliefs which cannot look facts in the face. The Bastille, it is certain, is commonly regarded as one of the worst of prisons: a grim and terrible place whither the most innocent might any day be sent, never to be seen again by their friends, with underground dungeons as foul as any in the mediæval prisons of Venice, and tortures as dire as those devised by the Inquisition. How this view of the great prison gained ground it is not difficult to see. The fury with which the Revolutionists assailed it during the memorable siege of the 14th July, 1789 ("the siege, weighed with which in the historical balance," says Carlyle, "most other sieges, including that of Troy town, are gossamer") showed that it had become the symbol of everything that was hateful in tyranny. Charles Dickens and the late ingenious Madame Tussaud are chiefly responsible for driving the supposed horrors of the Bastille deep into the imagination of the British populace: Dickens by his "Tale of Two Cities," and Madame Tussaud by the celebrated working model in which a mouse rattles forth and back at intervals to nibble the bread of the beautiful old gentleman with the white beard, who prays the while unconcernedly. Captain Bingham, however, gives quite another view of the Bastille. According to these volumes, it was rather a pleasant place than otherwise. The *lettre de cachet* business has been much exaggerated, there was little or no solitary confinement, the food was so good and plentiful that the prisoners begged the Governor to give them less, wine flowed like water, the *oubliettes*, which seemed such dreadful places of torture, were merely ice-houses (this is on the authority of M. Viollet-le-Duc), and when the mob broke in they found but seven prisoners in the building, four of whom were awaiting trial for forgery. All this, and very much more, Captain Bingham sets forth in two large, handsome and well illustrated volumes. He gives the history of the building from the beginning, lists of the more famous prisoners and of the governors, accounts of the various sieges, the "Man with the Iron Mask" (which was really velvet), and all kinds of anecdotes collected with much industry from the archives of the Bastille, which were arranged and published by the late M. Ravaisson. The work, without doubt, is most interesting and entertaining, and it contains many portraits, and views of the famous prison.

Of the sixteen essays comprising Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's new book, "Memoirs and Portraits" (Chatto and Windus), only three are here published for the first time, the others having appeared in various magazines. The essays are well worth reissuing in book form. The subjects are varied, and it is difficult to find the "thread of meaning" which "binds them," as Mr. Stevenson says in his preface—a preface, by the way, of which unfriendly critics might complain as being a little egotistical. The earliest paper in the volume, that on "An Old Scotch Gardener," is probably Mr. Stevenson's first contribution to periodical literature. It appeared fourteen or fifteen years ago in a college magazine, the history of which is narrated in another of the essays. This early paper shows the qualities of style for which Mr. Stevenson has long been distinguished. The most recent paper is that on "Thomas Stevenson," a memorial of Mr. R. L. Stevenson's father, published quite lately in the *Contemporary Review*. Other papers are on "Talk and Talkers," "The Character of Dogs," "A Gossip on Romance," and on various Scotch scenes and characters. Together they form a volume which will in no way lessen Mr. Stevenson's reputation. They exhibit his individual and subtle style at its best, and they are full of character, observation, and humour. Among his lighter work Mr. Stevenson has done nothing better than "A Penny Plain, and Twopence Coloured," though a knowledge of the original illustrations is almost necessary to enjoy thoroughly this delightful essay on the drama according to Skelton.

The same publishers have just issued, in uniform size and binding with "Memoirs and Portraits," Mr. Stevenson's earlier essays published some years ago under the title "Virginibus Puerisque." This volume has long been out of print. It includes many of those early contributions which caused some of us to search the old *Cornhill* so eagerly for the signature "R. L. S." We are glad to read again the beautiful essay on "Truth of Intercourse," and that other, "On Falling in Love." These and other papers in the volume first introduced Mr. Stevenson as a new writer to the public, and it is well that they should be republished. The print, paper, and binding of these volumes are in excellent taste.

Mrs. Oliphant's "The Makers of Venice" (Macmillan) is neither history nor romance, but rather episodes and characters from the history of Venice told by the practised pen of a veteran novelist. The result is a book of exceeding vivacity and colour. There is no claim to research, and there is nothing new here to those who know their Venice already; but even these may read the book with interest, while those who know not Venice and its history cannot fail to read it with profit as well as pleasure. Mrs. Oliphant divides her book into four parts—"The Doges," "By Sea and Land," "The Painters," and "Men of Letters," thus viewing the city in all her aspects. She has a love and knowledge of Venice sincere and discriminating; yet we fear that those who love Venice best, will be the least pleased with those passages of the book which refer to the changes which have been made in the City of the Sea within recent years. Mrs. Oliphant is all for the steamboats and the manufactories, which would certainly have been used, she declares, by the founders of Venice had such things existed in their day. Perhaps, but then Venice could never have been what she is. A united Italy is well enough, and no one surely would wish Italy again to be "the Odalisque trading on her charms, rather than the nursing mother of a noble and independent people;" but it is still a question whether Italy is following the path for which her genius best suits her, and in fostering manufactures, too little respect has certainly sometimes been shown for the great monuments of the past, especially in Venice. This, however, is but a small part of Mrs. Oliphant's book. It is vivid and stirring, bearing marks here and there of hasty writing, yet an honest and skilful work.

Another book on Venice, occupying some of the same ground as that of Mrs. Oliphant, yet different in method and style, is "Venetian Studies," by Horatio F. Brown (Kegan Paul). Mr. Brown is author of another book on Venice, called "Life on the Lagoons," a delightful work full of intimate knowledge of the subject. Those who know Venice well become devotees, says Mr. Brown, and it is certainly so in his case. His mind is saturated with the beauty of the City, he has studied its legends, its history, its architecture, and its Art till he has absorbed the very spirit of the place, and he gives forth his knowledge in a series of papers remarkable for the glowing yet restrained ardour of their style. The book is a series of picture. of life in Venice then and now—detached scenes in the history of the Republic, each dealing with a great episode or characters—"Caterina Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus," is one of the best papers, and "The Carrarese" is another good one; yet we like no less the paper on "Venice of To-Day." This, in brief, is a book which has been written, not made; a book which is the result of study and sympathy; a book to read slowly and enjoy greatly.

The meetings of the Incorporated Society of Authors at Willis's Rooms some time since, and the papers read on that occasion caused a certain mild excitement in literary circles at the time. The report of the conference is now published under the title, "The Grievances Between Authors and Publishers" (Field and Tuer). Those who are interested in the matter can, therefore, now study it at leisure and in accurate reports, instead of trusting only to the summaries in the newspapers. Mr. Besant has added some appendices which give an insight into the kind of agreements sometimes made between authors and publishers.

It must, we fear, be recognised as a fact that in the art of book-illustration we have to yield the first place to the French. Our engravers are as good as the French engravers, our paper is as good, our printing is as good, our artists are not conspicuously inferior; yet we do not succeed in producing books illustrated with the same originality and skill as those which come from the French press. Here, for example, are two admirable specimens of French effort in the way of book-illustration, "Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre" of Octave Feuillet, and "L'Extrême Orient," by Paul Bonnetain (Paris: Maison Quantin, 7, Rue Saint-Benoît). The illustrations to Octave Feuillet's well-known book are by Mouchot. They are excellent designs, engraved on wood with much feeling, and printed with care on thick paper, with a highly-glazed surface. The result is a veritable *édition de luxe* of the first quality, a book to which a connoisseur would willingly give a place on his shelves. It costs only a pound, and we know of no English novelist whose works have been illustrated with anything like such skill and pains. "L'Extrême Orient" is illustrated entirely by "process" blocks, so that it has not the artistic value of the other book. The book, it may be supposed, is an attempt to satisfy French curiosity concerning the recent additions to French territory in Tonkin. There is a picture on almost every page, and they are marked by the vigour, originality, and skill, which have given the French a decided pre-eminence in this form of Art-work.

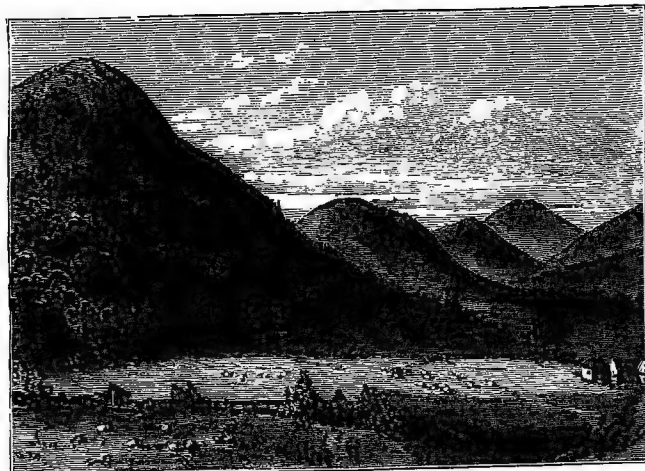
Given the fact that you are publishing a series of popular books on "Great Writers," Shelley cannot very well be omitted from the list; yet it seems almost in the nature of absurdity for Mr. William Sharp to come forward with his "Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley" (Walter Scott), when we have hardly finished reading Professor Dowden's splendid volumes on the same poet. Mr. Sharp does not profess to have a single new fact to add to what we know of Shelley's life, and for his opinions on Shelley's character and work, no one, we suppose, much cares. Yet the book had to be undertaken to make the series complete, and we must say in fairness that it is better written than anything we have read before from Mr. Sharp's pen. That, unfortunately, is not saying much; but the book, no doubt, will suit its public. Mr. Sharp is at least conscientious, and his book is accurate, if not brilliant.

"The Amenities of Social Life," by Edward Bennett (Elliot Stock) is one of those books which ought not to have been published. It is a series of harmless little essays on the art of conversation, letters and letter-writing, and so on. They are commonest of the commonplace, tritest of the trite, unilluminated by even a stray gleam of original thought or a passing turn of original expression.

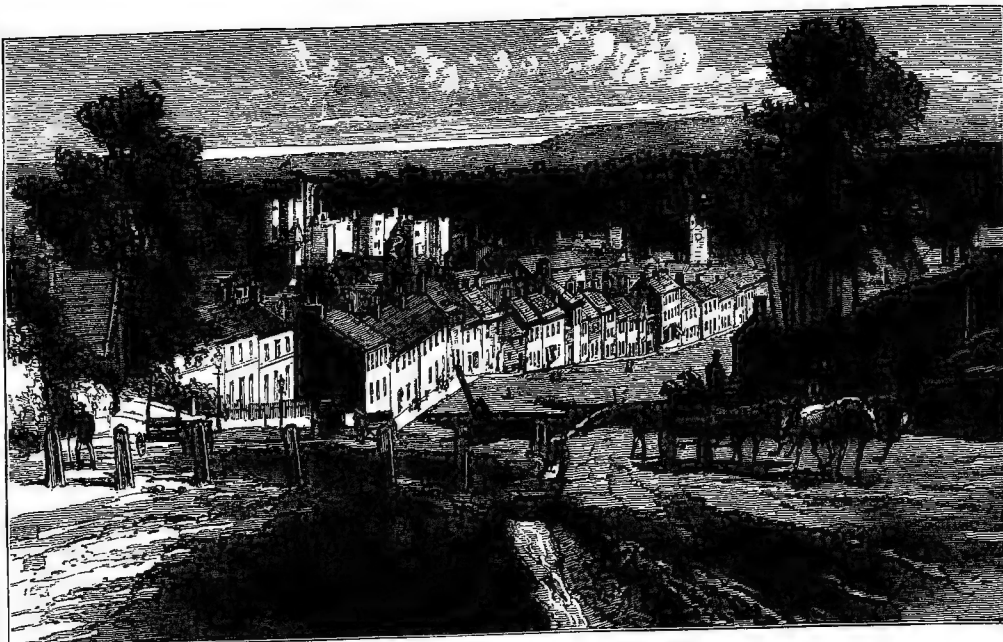
"The Life and Times of Queen Victoria" (Cassell and Co.), of which the first volume is now before us, is, it may well be hoped, the last straggler from the battalion of volumes which have constituted the literature of the J—b—e (we shudder to write the word in full). The first eleven chapters were written by the late Mr. Edmund Ollier, and Mr. Robert Wilson has continued the work. These names are a guarantee for respectable literary workmanship; but who can soar with such a subject? The book is large, brave in red and gilt binding, and full of illustrations gathered from many sources. The text is accurate and complete.

From the University Press of Messrs. T. and A. Constable of Edinburgh has just been issued a superb Memorial Catalogue of the interesting collection of modern French and Dutch pictures which were exhibited at the Edinburgh International Exhibition in 1886. A finer volume of its kind has perhaps never before been published. The cover is of rough brown cloth, with title stamped in gold. The paper is of hand manufacture, and the printing could not be surpassed. The preparation of the catalogue has been entrusted to Mr. W. E. Henley, who has written an introductory "Note on Romanticism," besides separate notices of the various painters represented, and descriptions of the pictures. The book is illustrated by a number of etchings, from the original pictures, by William Hole and Philip Zilcken. These etchings are in most cases little more than memoranda. Some, however, printed apart from the text, are of higher finish, and none are deficient in cleverness. Mr. Henley's "Note" is admirably written, and shows how the spirit of the Romantic movement of 1830 revolutionised not painting alone, but also sculpture, music, and literature. It is a brilliant analysis of a highly interesting epoch. The volume altogether is of signal richness and merit.

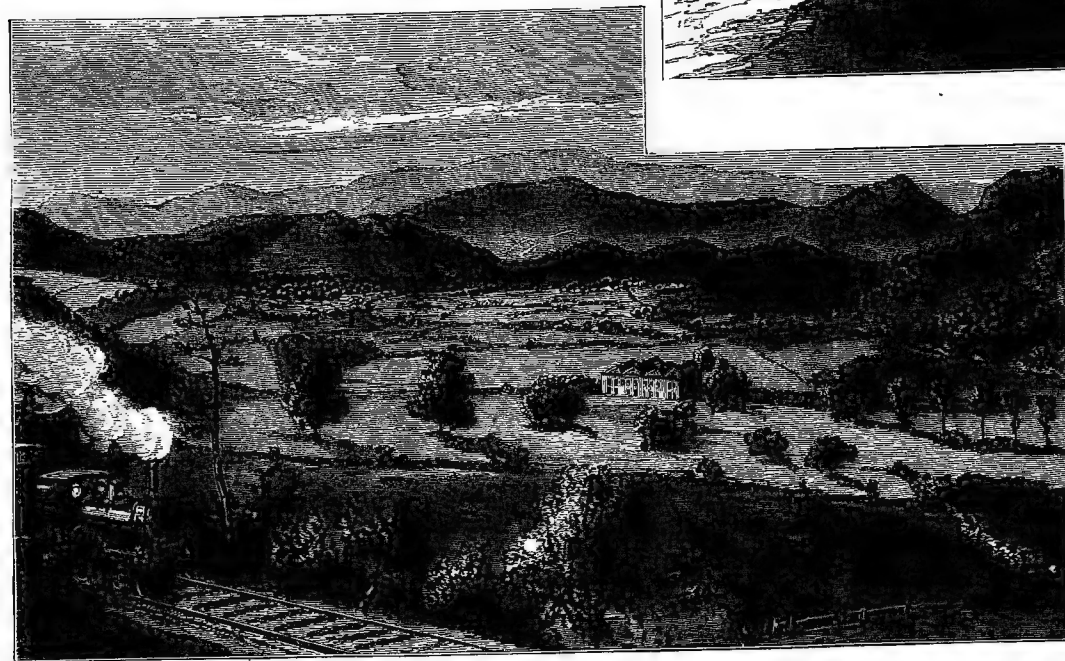




FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE CHEVIOTS



ALNWICK

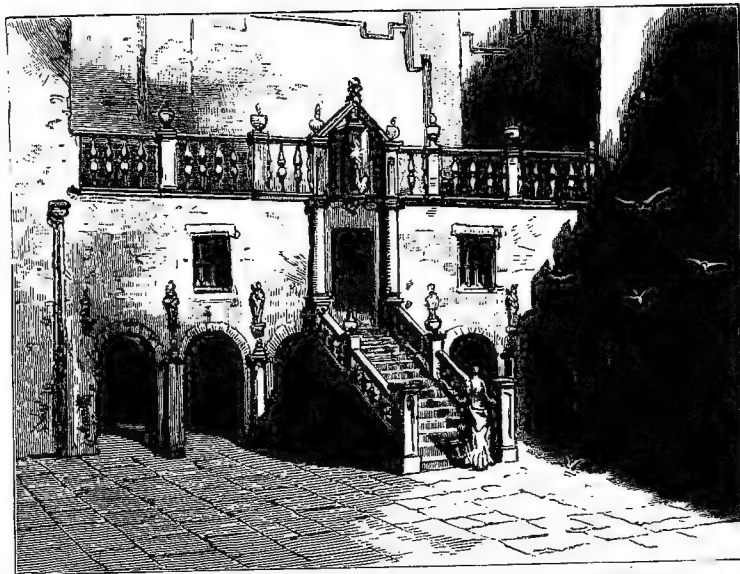


WHITTINGHAM VALE

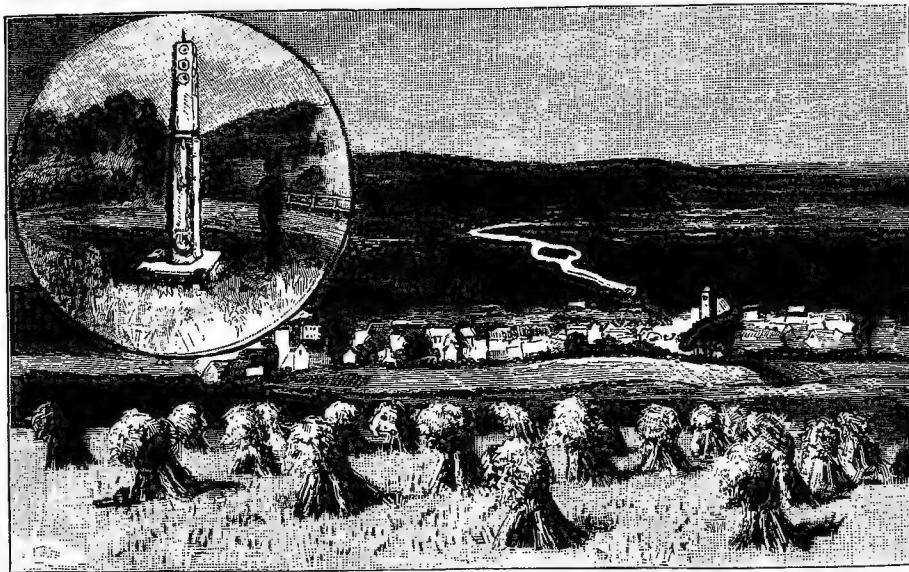


EDLINGHAM CASTLE

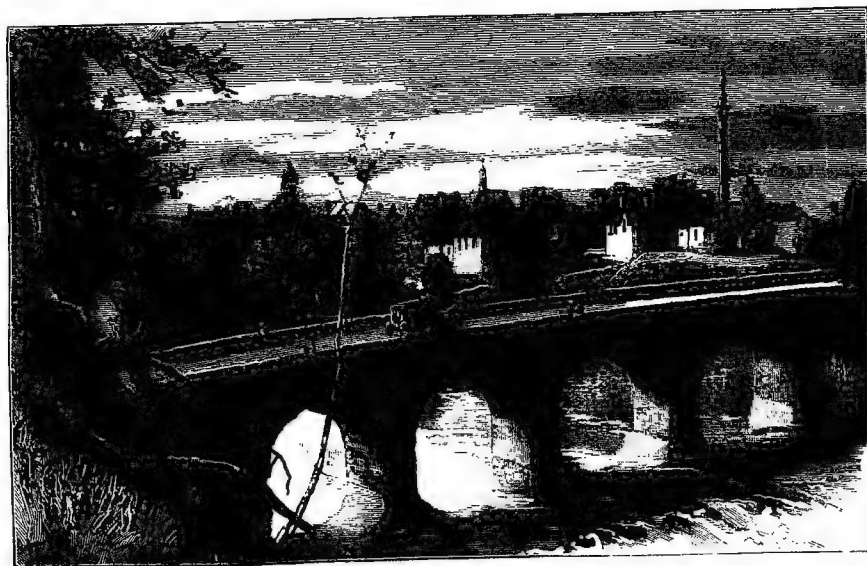
PERCY'S CROSS ON HEDGELY MOOR



CHILLINGHAM CASTLE, THE "OSBALDISTON HALL" OF "ROB ROY"



WOOLER



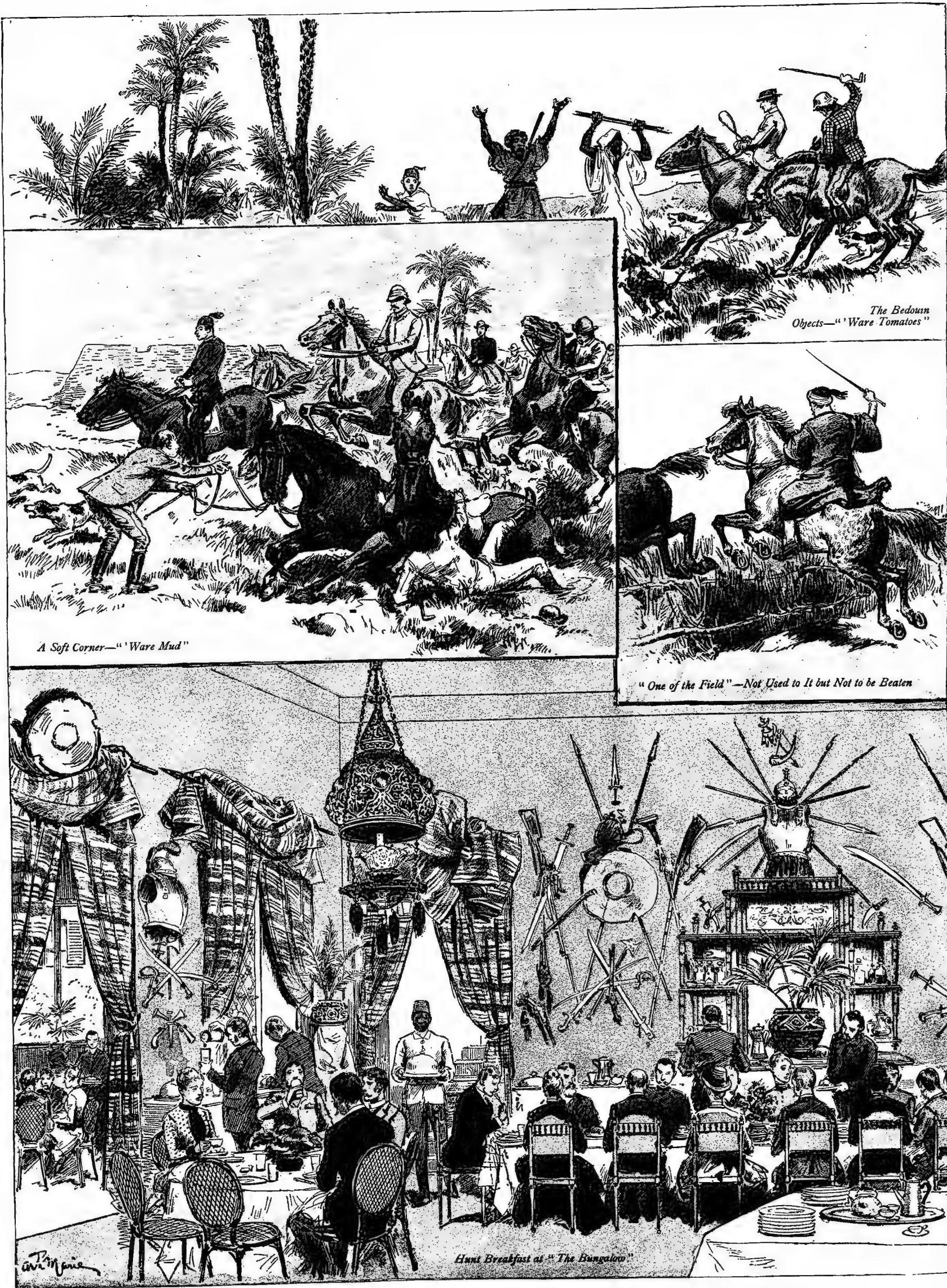
COLDSTREAM



FORD CASTLE, WHERE JAMES V. SLEPT THE NIGHT BEFORE FLODDEN

BY RAIL THROUGH THE BATTLEFIELDS OF THE BORDER  
NOTES ON THE NEW RAILWAY BETWEEN ALNWICK AND COLDSTREAM





ENGLISH OFFICERS ABROAD—FOX-HUNTING IN EGYPT





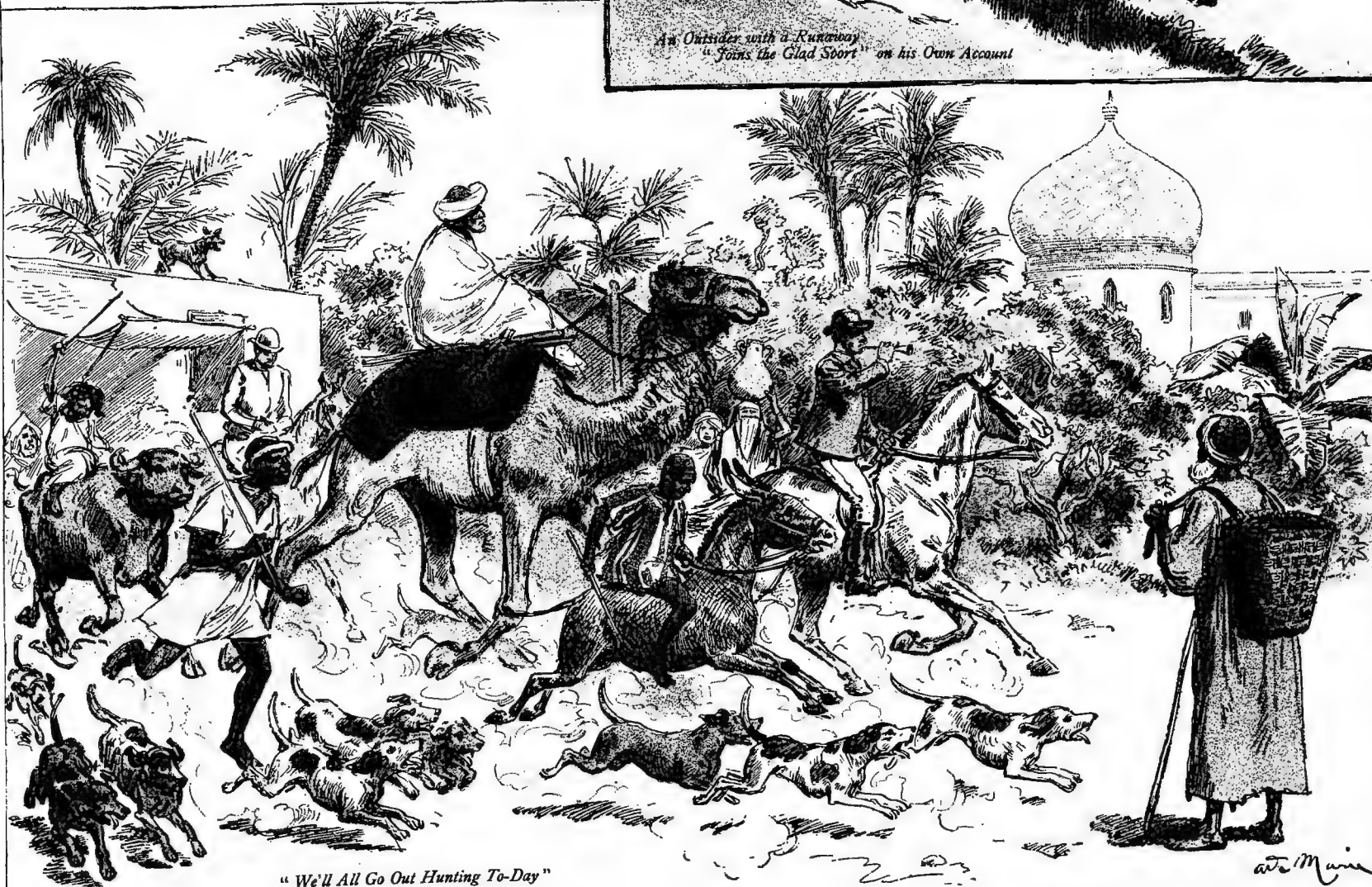
*Refreshments by the Way*



*Mahomed Recounting the Run*



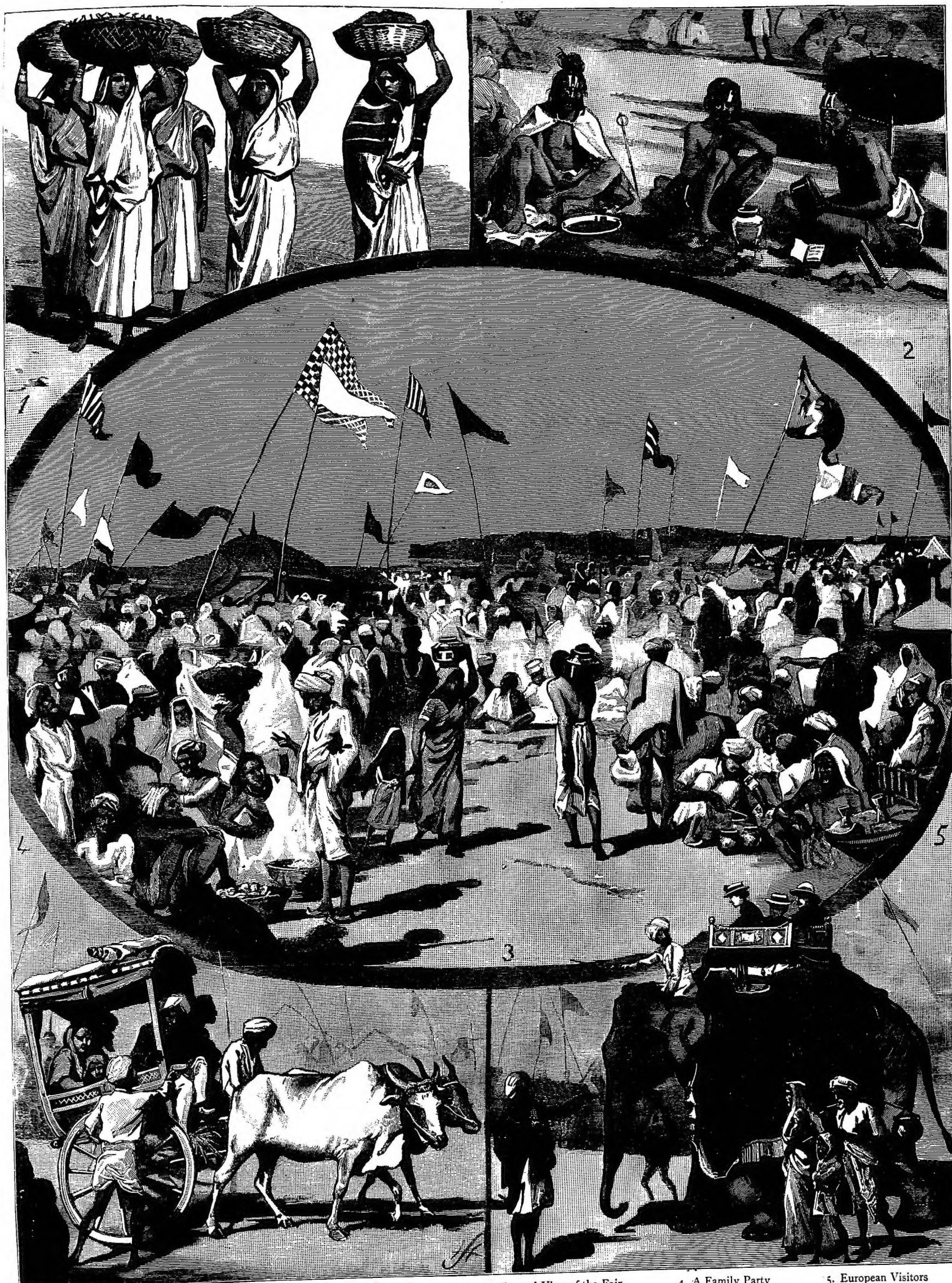
*An Outsider with a Runaway  
"Joins the Glad Sport" on his Own Account*



*"We'll All Go Out Hunting To-Day"*

*W. M. M.*





1. Market Women of Allahabad

2. Bairagis or Mendicant Friars

3. General View of the Fair

4. A Family Party

5. European Visitors

THE MAGH MELA, OR ANNUAL FAIR, AT ALLAHABAD, INDIA





II.

MR. W. M. ACWORTH begins in the New Year's number of *Murray* a series of papers on "The London and North-Western Railway." In Part I. much interesting information is given about this particular line of passenger and goods traffic. Mr. Acworth remarks on the habit railway men have of taking an ordinary English word and giving it some special technical sense. The word "bank," for example, is, in railway parlance, first an incline, whether it be through a tunnel or over an embankment it matters not; and secondly, a platform when used not for passengers but for goods.—Professor C. Lloyd Morgan contributes a pleasant paper on "Oysters," which is instructive as well as agreeable reading.—Mr. Corney Grain has a most amusing account of his experiences as a public entertainer in "A Purely Personal Matter." The most depressing thing in such a career is that a man is expected to be "funny" at all times and seasons—even at breakfast. "Some young men in a country-house," says Mr. Grain, "expressed themselves to a friend of mine as bitterly disappointed in me. I sang at the 'At Home,' and when the guests had gone, went rather tired and worn-out to the smoking-room. The men all came in—waited—smoked, and gradually slunk off."—Mr. Thomas Hardy opens in promising fashion a new serial, "The Waiting Supper."

The Rev. G. Huntington has an admirable double biographical article in *Temple Bar* on "Two Bishops of Manchester," James Price Lee and James Fraser. Of the latter's love of simplicity a story in point is told. One very wet day he was walking out with an umbrella over his head, so a wealthy manufacturer stopped his carriage, and persuaded the Bishop to get up. "Why don't you keep a carriage yourself, my lord?" said the owner. "To teach simplicity of life," was the reply; "and how can I do that if I am ostentatious and luxurious myself?" Still, in the end he did drive.—"William Powell Frith, R.A.," is an excellent specimen of the art of boiling down a good book, and supplying an article for consumption with all the stimulating properties of the original concentrated.—Mr. W. E. Norris begins well a new serial in "The Rogue."

Interesting to all lovers of history and archæology will be found "The Man at Arms," by Messrs. E. H. and E. W. Blashfield. It is admirably illustrated throughout.—Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson takes the reader into his confidence in "A Chapter on Dreams," in which he endeavours to explain the part played by the Brownies of dream-life in supplying him with characters and ideas for his stories.—Mr. Andrew Lang, too, has some bright verses, entitled "American Antiquities."—Mr. W. C. Brownell's paper on "French Traits—Intelligence," will well repay perusal, and is marked by philosophical insight and great closeness of observation.

The January number of *Cornhill* opens with a new serial entitled "A Life's Morning," by the author of "Demos," &c.—"Cass" and "A Financial Operation" are both slightly constructed stories, the former pathetic, the latter cynical in tone.—"Our Small Ignorances" is a useful paper. We wonder how many folk know the origin of the phrase "Printer's Devil." Any "small ignorance" on the point is cleared up here in this way. Aldus Manutius, the celebrated Venetian printer and publisher, who lived between 1440 and 1515, had a small black slave whom the superstitious believed to be an emissary of Satan. To satisfy the curious one day, he said publicly in church, "I, Aldus Manutius, printer to the Holy Church, have this day made public exposure of the printer's devil. All who think he is not flesh and blood, come and pinch him." Hence in Venice arose the somewhat curious *sobriquet* "Printer's Devil."

In *Longman's* Mr. William Archer goes at length into the question of tear-shedding as it affects the quality of histrionic performance, under the heading of "The Anatomy of Acting." Some lights of the stage had a wonderful facility in producing the external signs of emotion. A lady, who studied acting under the late John Ryder, expressed to her instructor her wonder at the way an actress much in vogue at the time managed to turn on tears wherever there was the slightest excuse for them. "Look at me, my dear," Mr. Ryder replied; and instantly she saw a tear gather in his eye and roll slowly down his cheek.—Mrs. Parr's "Peter Grant's Wooing," and "Statement of Gabriel Foot, Highwayman," by "Q.," are very effective short stories.

The frontispiece of *The Woman's World* is a fine portrait of the Princess of Wales in her Academic robes as a Doctor of Music. Lady Wilde opens the periodical with a poem on "Historic Women" in iambic pentameter and blank verse. It is quite worth reading, and begins:—

Yes, they have lived! these women whose great names  
Are graven deep on the world's history.

Lady Constance Howard writes a capital article all about Sir Christopher Hatton and his splendours in "Kirby Hall."—Mrs. Elizabeth A. Sharp also contributes a pleasant biographical paper on Mrs. Craik.—The illustrations of this first number of the *Woman's World* for 1888 show no falling-off in merit from those in former numbers of the magazine.

*London Society* contains several capital stories. More generally attractive is "Miss Braddon at Home," by Joseph Hutton, containing much detail about the domestic interior of Litchfield House. Here is this writer's portrait of Mr. Maxwell, Miss Braddon's husband, which will commend itself to authors who have had business transactions with him:—"The gentleman familiarly spoken of as 'Max' is Miss Braddon's husband—bale, hearty, breezy, in spite of his sixty odd years. A keen business man, newspaper proprietor, publisher, printer, he has been everything in connection with the journalistic history of Fleet Street. He had a hand in starting the *Standard*, and was for years the proprietor of the *Belgravia Magazine*; and he is known as well for his general hospitality as for his smart, clever business operations."

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* is an etching, by Mr. J. Dobie, after Mr. Waterhouse's striking picture of "Mariamne" in fetters passing away from the presence of her judges.—Professor Ruskin contributes the letterpress and illustrations of "The Black Arts: a Reverie in the Strand." The paper was suggested to him by observing the ceaseless multiplication of photographs and engravings displayed in windows between St. Clement Danes and Charing Cross, and is characteristic.—Mr. Richard Heath has a handsomely illustrated useful article on "The Portraits of Napoleon the First."—We can cheerfully commend, also, Mr. E. F. Brewnall's "Notes by an Artist Living in the Country."

PLAYING THE MANDOLINE is the newest musical fancy in New York, the banjo being quite out of fashion. The mandoline is a very dainty-looking instrument—no small inducement to a Transatlantic belle; and when suspended round the player's neck with blue or copper-coloured ribbon, according to the complexion, makes a picturesque ensemble. The fashion is copied from Queen Margaret of Italy, who is a finished player, and either Italian popular airs or Spanish gipsy songs are considered the most appropriate ditties.



MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—Volume IV. of "Schubert's Songs" contains the fourteen melodious compositions known as "Schwanengesang" (Swan Songs). This refined collection is worthy the attention of cultivated singers.—Nos. 27 and 28 of Novello, Ewer, and Co.'s "Pianoforte Albums," under the title of "Domestic Life," contain twelve duets by Moscheles; they are edited by Berthold Tours. We can cordially commend these duets to the attention of teachers of the young, as, though they are simple and not difficult, they are calculated to develop the taste of the youthful student.—The same may be said of three books of solos in this series, by a young but rising composer, Halfdan Kierulf. Excellent study will be met with in these clever compositions. Quite little players will find within their powers "Juvenile Album" (No. 26) of the above-named series; eight "Character Pieces" (four hands), "the piano part being generally within the compass of five notes," by Berthold Tours.—The four latest numbers of "Novello's Part-Song Book" are: "The Rosy Dawn" (340), a pastoral for mixed voices, in eight parts, words by the Rev. Canon Bell, D.D., music by Charles H. Lloyd, a bright and pleasing composition; "If Doughty Deeds" (341), a four-part song, written by position; "Graham of Gartmore (1735–1797)," music by C. Lee Williams, Mus. Bac.; "Radiant Sister of the Day," a four-part song, words from "The Invitation," by Shelley (No. 542), music by Rosalind F. Ellicott; and "To Chloris on her Singing," a madrigal for four voices, words by Thorney Moore, music by John C. C. Pringle (No. 543). All these part-songs will be welcome to singers of choral music.

MESSRS. BOOSEY AND CO.—No more appropriate gift for the season could be found than the new and revised edition of "The Messiah" (Handel) which has recently been published by the above firm. The few and not very important revisions have been carefully executed by Dr. John Clark, the print is clear, and the price of this complete vocal score, with pianoforte or organ accompaniments, is so moderate as to place it within the reach of all who reverence this great masterpiece of sacred composition.—Nos. 45 and 46 of "The Diamond Music Books" contain, the one "Fifty Christmas Carols," amongst which will be found all the quaint and traditional words and tunes of which we can never tire, together with some new tunes by Sir Arthur Sullivan and J. L. Hatton. The other contains the principal songs from Wallace's *Maritana*, one of the most melodious of his operas.—For those of our readers who cannot sing we have No. 106 of "The Cavendish Music Books," in which are the principal airs from *Maritana* (Wallace) and *The Bohemian Girl* (Balfe) arranged for the pianoforte, adapted from Kappey's arrangement for military bands.—A capital encore song which will bring down the house is "An Ould Irish Wheel," written and composed by A. Percival Graves and A. C. Mackenzie.—The same may be said of "When the Boys Come Home," a merry song, words by John Hay, music by Frances Alltizen.—Bright and melodious music, together with an attractive frontispiece, combine to make "Vive l'Amour," a valse by Bucalossi, one of the most attractive of the season.

J. BATH.—As yet we have received comparatively few comic songs. Times are evidently grave with poets and composers. Two very amusing songs are "The Radical Knight and the Primrose Dame," a humorous song from the musical sketch "Uncle Solomon's Birthday," written and composed by Arthur Law and R. Paer; and "Odd Ditties," a humorous song, written and composed by W. E. Imeson and Lovett King.—From J. C. Beazley come three admirable sets of *morceaux* for violin and pianoforte; "La Gaîté," "La Mélodie," and "Six Original Sketches."



A BATCH of new novels that fails to include one by Mr. F. Marion Crawford is becoming a rarity; and quite possibly before this appears in print, "Paul Patoff" (3 vols.: Macmillan and Co.), will have ceased to be his latest story. In many respects it is one of his best; and, while it is full to excess of what is often too hastily condemned as "padding," the padding in this instance is just what we could least afford to lose. "Paul Patoff" should be read in a mood which requires the light and discursive essay on things in general rather than exciting incidents or complicated situations. Not that the story is wanting in either—on the contrary, the mysterious disappearance of a young Russian officer from the Mosque of St. Sophia, and his discovery nearly two years afterwards as a prisoner in a harem; and the account of the search for him; and the conduct of a mother who tries to throw her son from a precipice, and then sets fire to a house in order to burn him, sound exceptionally sensational. They do not prove so, however. Not for one moment is the essay disturbed in its easy and unquestionably pleasant flow—all these things are less incidents than points for comment or description. The choice of Constantinople as the principal scene of action, or rather of reflection, gives admirable opportunities for pictures of life and society in that cosmopolitan capital. Madame Patoff as patient, and Dr. Cutler as physician, supply much discourse on abnormal mental conditions; Aunt Chrysophrasia is answerable for notes on aesthetics; and the position of the charming Hermione towards the two brothers who are rivals for her love, as dominating the one and being dominated by the other, leads to many subtle investigations into the condition of the girl who does not know her own mind. There is at least a volume too much of all this, and the dramatic interest has a way of falling off. But then stories are not the only praiseworthy things, even in the world of fiction.

In "The Great Bank Robbery" (1 vol.: Cassell and Co., Limited) Mr. Julian Hawthorne has ventured upon a very curious study indeed. Its most appropriate form would have been the French language and a yellow paper cover, as affording a freer method of handling. However, since the story of Mrs. Nelson has fallen into the hands of an American author, propriety, at any rate, is the gainer. This Mrs. Nelson, being a brilliant and beautiful woman, happily married, and the acknowledged leader of both fashion and intellect in New York, indulges, for the sake of excitement and sensation what, we suppose must be called a passion for a hideous and repulsive ruffian, a receiver of stolen goods, using her social position to help him in his crimes. In proportion, however, as he degrades her, the qualities of ladyhood, which she cannot quite shake off, tend to excite what better nature he has, till he has no longer wickedness enough to fascinate her, and, to free herself from him, she attempts his murder. The repulsiveness of such a situation is intensified by a vigour of treatment and psychological insight that would have been better bestowed on a subject from which it would have been possible to obtain either profit or pleasure. This, the theme of the novel, is loosely connected with a singularly ill-constructed detective romance, from which the volume obtains its title. The genius of Mr. Hawthorne has always had a tendency to the *outré* and the morbid; and we think that in "The Great Bank

Robbery" the tendency has gone a little beyond the point up to which such qualities are excusable on literary grounds.

In "The Nun's Curse" (3 vols.: Ward and Dowkey), Mrs. J. H. Riddell has wandered from her characteristic haunts in the City of London into that part of County Donegal rendered famous by the Gweedore evictions, the period being just after the great famine of forty years ago. She shows, however, little, if any, loss of power in putting herself under unfamiliar conditions. The tone is sombre, as is inevitable in the case of a story wherein a family is represented as the hereditary victim of a fatal curse, after the manner of Greek tragedy. This is developed with both ingenuity and power, many of the scenes being of an exceedingly dramatic character, as where a mother is compelled to betray her daughter's shame. Mrs. Riddell's grasp over her characters, and over the places which almost become characters in her hands, is as strong as ever, and the peculiar interest of which she alone possesses the secret is fully as vivid. It is a great thing to have been able, with equal success, to lay one hand upon London and the other upon Gweedore.

"Whitepatch" (which we are bidden to pronounce "Wipath"), by an anonymous author (3 vols.: Bentley and Son), is styled "a romance for quiet people." A romance it certainly is. The old romance in East Kent, where the scene is laid, positively swarms with ghosts, and should not only receive the attention of the Psychological Research Society, but should be made its head-quarters. The novel is a sort of "Castle of Otranto," unspoiled by the feeble and matter-of-fact conclusion of the latter, where real ghosts and sham ghosts unite in the production of bewildering confusion. In spite, or perhaps because, of its frank improbability, "quiet people" may be expected to enjoy this romance, which has been written for their benefit, very much indeed. The description of the old house is altogether charming, and inspires the wish for a long visit to its original; the touch of old-world flavour is as pleasant as it is appropriate to the subject; and some of the characters are decidedly amusing. If one must have ghosts, it is best to have them without apology or subterfuge, and plenty of them.

One must be in an exceptionally sentimental humour for the appreciation of "A Day of Life," by Mrs. C. Hunter Hodgson (1 vol.: Griffith, Farran, and Co.). Nor can we admire either the situation on which it turns, or the climax. A young Englishwoman who detests her Russian husband has the misfortune to fall in love with a fellow countryman whom she meets at Wiesbaden. She contemplates suicide, and repents of her purpose; but the poison, being labelled as a nerve tonic, is given to her in mistake to save her from a fainting fit, so that she dies comfortably without any fault of her own. As she was in a consumption, however, a little sooner or later does not seem to have mattered. Mrs. Hodgson's sentimentality is not only extreme, but unhealthy, so far as it has strength enough to be anything.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

IT must be allowed that an author has the courage of his opinions who ventures to give the world a new poem in which Faust and Mephistopheles are the principal characters, but we hardly think that the result justifies the daring in the case of the anonymous semi-dramatic piece "The Modern Faustus: an Agnostic Allegory" (London Literary Society). The writer's intentions—viz.: an exposition of the craze in question—are admirable; his blank verse is the reverse of admirable, abounding in weak endings and the usual drawbacks attending the first attempts at that most difficult of metres by amateurs; the riding rhyme is better,—good in places,—and there is some evidence of lyric ability; indeed, we incline to think that the author has some metrical power which, with careful study, may yet win him worthy praise. It would be very easy to make fun of much of the piece,—we fear the author has a defective sense of humour,—but we refrain; because we believe that he has stuff in him which will develop, and that he will give us some good and thoughtful work by and by,—if he will shun introspection.

"Poems of Many Years and Many Places" by "A Life-long Thinker and Wanderer" (Longmans) is a sympathetic book,—if not of a very high order of merit so far as the verse is concerned. The author, apparently a man well stricken in years, who has passed much of his time in India, has strong religious feeling, and also some sense of humour; as an example of the former element may be taken that very graceful piece "On Such a Dawn," and of the latter "What will our grandchildren think of us?" "A Sunday Evening in North India" is also extremely good. The Latin verse is worthy of an old Etonian; can we say more?

The latest issues in Mr. Walter Scott's admirable issue the *Canterbury Poets* Series is "Ballades and Rondeaux, &c." selected, with a chapter on the various forms, by Gleeson White. As will be guessed the collection consists not of examples of the genuine old French poems, but of the modern English imitations which were rather wearisomely familiar a few years ago. For our own part we must confess we can find no charm in these *jours de force*, which are artificial to the last degree. Mr. White's essay is a good piece of special pleading, and the best thing in the little volume is the burlesque *ballade* by Mr. Augustus M. Moore.

The circumstances attending the publication remove "Lays and Lyrics," by Hugh Conway (Patey and Willis), to some extent from the pale of legitimate criticism. Fortunately, however, it is possible to speak with praise of the collection as a whole; they were written for music, but rise rather above the level of the ordinary drawing-room song. "Dick Turpin" is very spirited; "The Golden Gate" and "In a Boat at Sea" are pretty and pathetic, and "The Vision of Years" is almost worthy of Miss Procter.

A very pleasant book for all who can enjoy good stories, and poetic fancies clothed in graceful verse, is "From West to East," by Henry Rose (David Stott). Mr. Rose writes with scholarly ease, and with a decided amount of poetic ability, and has a fund of imagination which contributes materially to the success of those romantic and fanciful pieces in which he is seen at his best. The best thing in the book is "Aziz," a long poem dealing with the adventures of an enchanted Oriental prince, who, together with many of his nobles, is made by an old magician to assume bird-form, but ultimately rescued by a lovely nymph, who becomes his queen. The idea rather reminds one of Mr. George Meredith's inimitable romance, "The Shaving of Shagpat." Mr. Rose is not invariably happy in his choice of metres; some of those which he affects are too much associated with burlesque to be conveniently used in more serious moods. But, taken as a whole, "From West to East" deserves high praise, both for matter and manner.

A little volume which may serve to amuse an idle hour is "Epitaphs," collected by "Old Mortality, Jun." (Cassell and Co.). We imagine the compiler would not profess to vouch for the actual existence of many of the rhymes which occur in the collection, but they are diverting, and sometimes extremely quaint. An index would have been an improvement.

A pleasant little pamphlet of musical verse, chiefly celebrating the beauties of English scenery, and dealing more especially with the fen-country, is "Foris Domique," by H. Hailstone, M.A. (Cambridge: J. Palmer). The author has, as he has shown us on a former occasion, a most keen appreciation of Nature; delightful little poems are "Aspen-Leaves," "Gorse-Buds,"—which has quite an antique touch—and the graceful tribute to the peasant-poet John Clare. But he can also strike a higher note—"The Knighting of Hereward" has in it many of the elements of a good ballad, and the "Legend of the Devil's Dyke" is well given. We must point out to Mr. Hailstone that "laughter" and "daughter" are rhymes only to the eye.



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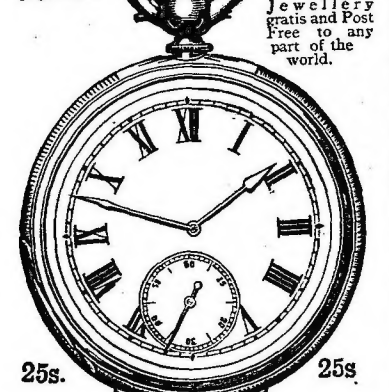
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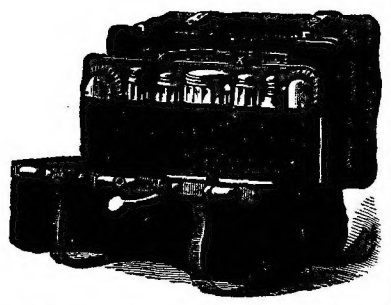
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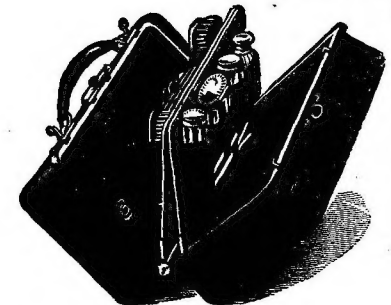
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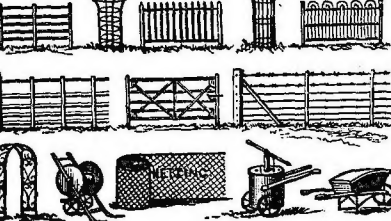


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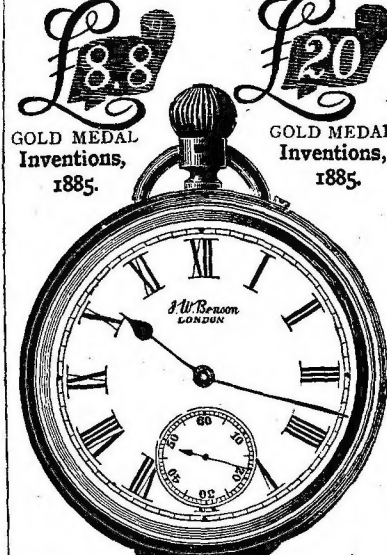
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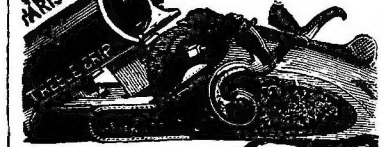
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